

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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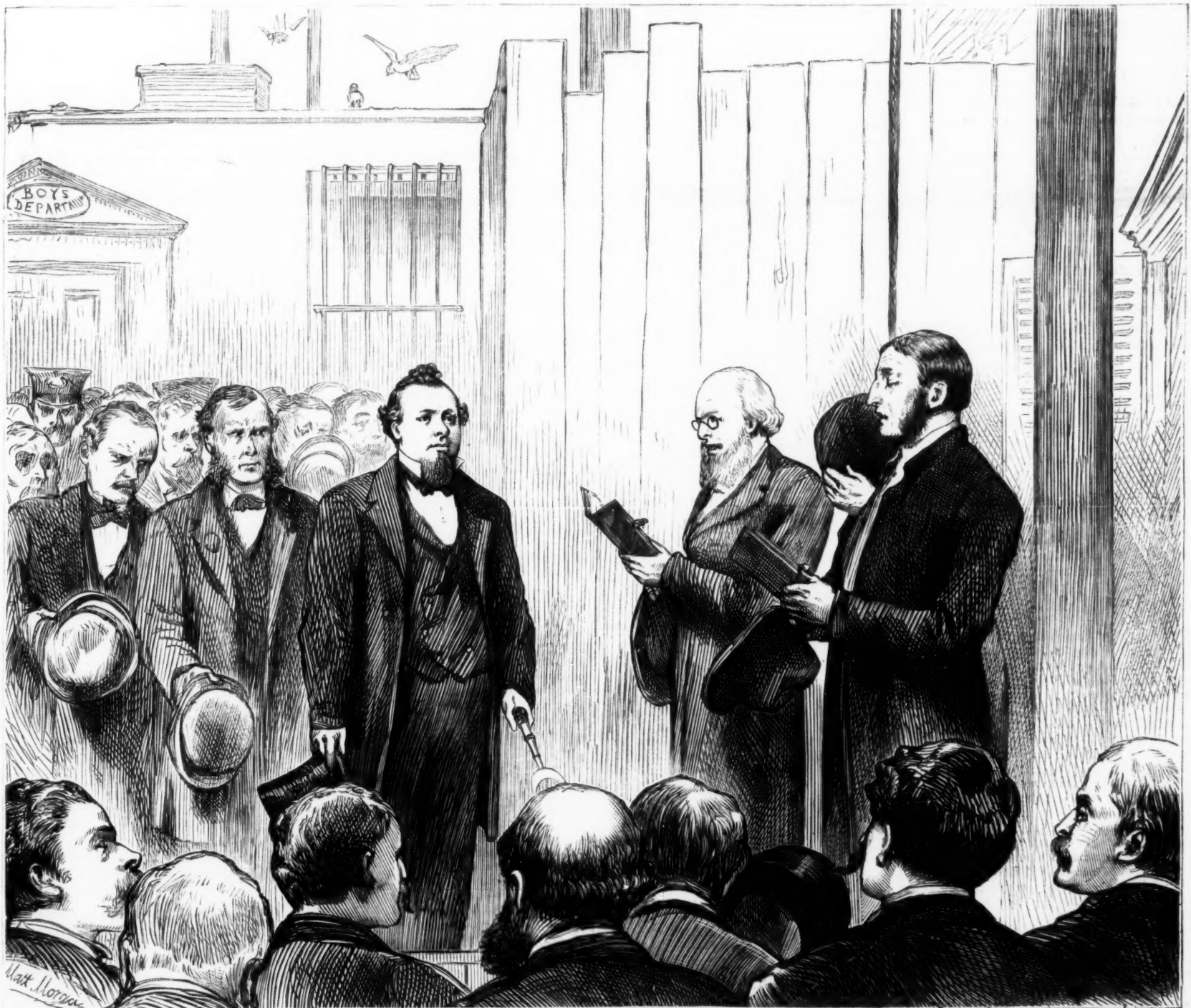
## ENGLISH AND FRENCH POSTAL SERVICE.

IN a report made by General Butterfield upon the Postal Services of the cities of Paris and London, many valuable hints are offered for the improvement of the Postal Services of the cities of the United States. The Paris service is very similar to that at present in use in our principal cities. There is a Central Post Office, and fifty-five sub-Post Offices—thirty-nine within, and sixteen without, the city's walls. All collections—seven each day—of letters are taken to the central office, and from it re-distributed in seven daily deliveries. "Paris is divided into eleven postal districts, called 'rayons'; each rayon is sub-divided into fifteen or eighteen routes, and to each route a carrier is detailed. The mail for each district having been made up for each route at the central office, the carriers are rapidly driven in large omnibuses to a central point in their respective districts, to begin their delivery, and the omnibuses, having deposited their freight, bring back to the central office the carriers taken out on the previous trip. In this way one set of carriers—there are three to each district—is constantly at the central office sorting letters for delivery, another set is returning to the central office, while the third set is actually engaged in delivery. As a further means of facilitating



THE DROP WEIGHTS BEHIND THE SCENE.

deliveries of letters from the provinces, the messengers traveling on the postal cars sort the mails *en route*, and, on arriving at the central office, they are in readiness to be immediately dispatched to the various districts. One feature of the Parisian service is worthy of note: the sub-post offices deliver in their own districts all letters posted in those districts, without the delay of sending them to the central office. With this exception, and that of sending carriers by omnibuses to the districts in which their deliveries are to be made, there is nothing in the Parisian system which renders it in any essential respect superior to our own. The system in use in London is, however, in almost every respect, superior to ours. In the first place, in London, instead of one central Post Office, there are eight, between which a constant connection is maintained by means of a cart service, the interchange of mail matter taking place twenty-eight times a day. A vast saving of time is by this plan effected, and the delay of sending letters to and from a distant central office is almost entirely avoided; for each district, besides delivering within its limits all letters posted within such limits, sends by cart to each of the other seven offices all letters to be delivered within the district of which they are respectively the centre. The time thus saved admits of an



THE REV. DOCTORS TYNG AND WALKER READING THE BURIAL SERVICE.  
NEW YORK.—SCENE AT THE EXECUTION OF FOSTER.—SEE PAGE 59.



increased number of daily deliveries and collections, and within the city limits there are no less than twelve deliveries and seventeen collections each day. Minor points of excellence there are in the London system, but the above-mentioned are its most important features, the features which make it the most perfect postal service in the world." The disposition manifested by our Government to exercise close economy in postal matters is well known, and while judicious economy in this, or any other matter, is to be approved, it is doubtful whether an economy can be approved which simply refuses to spend money at all, without taking into account the probabilities of a return from the investment. In the postal service it has ever been the case that a reduction of postage or an increase in postal facilities has resulted in an immediate and very apparent increase of the postal revenue, and, in view of this fact, the economy may indeed be questioned which refuses to spend, when the result of that spending is morally certain to be a gain. That General Butterfield's report will have the effect of breaking the spell which at present tightens the purse-strings of the Post Office Department, we sincerely hope; and, the purse-strings once loosened, we further hope that they will not again be drawn until the principal cities of the United States, the great centres of trade and commerce, have been each endowed with a postal system equal or superior to that of the British capital.

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#### TO OUR READERS.

The third number of our Monthly Supplement, which accompanies this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, will, from the variety and excellence of its contents, insure special consideration. The admirable continued story, "A VAGABOND HEROINE," becomes more and more fascinating; while the various articles, complete in themselves, that succeed it, are fraught, individually, with such delightful incidents of travel, charming historic reminiscences, thrilling adventures, interesting biography, and important statistical information, etc., that a more attractive compilation of THIRTY-TWO PAGES could not possibly be placed in the hands of any person whatever. The very titles of the selections are, of themselves, sufficient to attract instant attention: "A VAGABOND HEROINE"—a Tale by Mrs. Edwards, "TEN MINUTES IN A LIFE," "WINTERING IN EGYPT," "DUMAS," "NEWSPAPER TELEGRAMS," "THE CITY OF LILIES," "ALL ROUND THE WORLD," "ENGLAND AND WALES," etc.—while the subjects they represent cannot fail to be read with avidity, and to increase the already large circulation of a journal that presents monthly to its readers a gift of such exceptional merit.

#### THE LESSON OF FOSTER'S EXECUTION.

FOR one day—last Friday—Foster, the murderer, occupied the front position among our millions of men. His fate was the town talk. The "Humanitarians" had their usual say—at the expense of common-sense and Justice. Their logic is better than that of the Bible! They would have the man-slayer go free—or, what is equivalent, they would imprison him for life, which only means to hand the murderer over to the almost sure chance of pardon. The folks opposed to Capital Punishment were also out in full force, in the prints and elsewhere, predicating their arguments on what they seemed disposed to consider almost as the martyrdom of Foster.

Now, we venture to assert that this manifestation of Diseased Public Sentiment has done more to encourage crime in New York than the execution of the laws can do to prevent it. The man who has murder in his heart is led, by all this array of Sentimentality and Pedantic Technicality, to look upon the Courts and the Governor, and not upon Foster, as adjudged guilty of murder by the Public Sentiment. Such a villain may proclaim to himself, with assurance, that "Hereafter, hanging is indeed played out." The Stokeses, Scannells and Kings drink in renewed hope, and say: "Foster's death has bettered our chances."

A jury found Foster guilty of murder, and the highest Courts approved the verdict. The

recommendation to mercy amounted to nothing but an appeal for that sympathy which they, as sworn jurors, did not extend. The brutal facts in Foster's case forbade that heed should be paid to that appeal—for his only plea of defense was, that he "was drunk." Society cannot tolerate such a defense, clearly. The streets of New York are full of drunken murderers and villains of all sorts. We shall have an Epidemic of Drunkenness if the effects of rum are to be considered as an excuse for or palliation of crime.

Foster had influential friends and relatives. His weeping family presented a false issue. Why was this man deserted by his friends and left to the bad influences of whisky and rowdism, through which he sank from social position, until he was forced to become a car-driver or conductor, thence to mix in crime, until finally he died on the scaffold? It is manifest that these powerful friends, who exhibited themselves in the close of a life justly forfeited to the law, had long ago ceased to influence the career of that murderer. Either he tore himself violently from them, or else they outlawed him as unworthy. They let him "down the wind to prey at fortune," until he became an assassin. At this point, all that the love of a wife, or the money of relatives, could do to cheat the gallows of its victim, was suddenly done, and—in the main—this influence was exerted to save themselves from disgrace. What a false issue is this of family and friends under any like circumstances! "The law no passion can disturb. It has neither fear nor anger, nor desire nor lust. It bends not to the uncertain tempers and wavering prejudices of men. It is *mens sine affectu*, mind without passion." Shall we leave the heads of thousands of families to be stricken down by the midnight marauder, and shrink from enforcing the laws because murderers have wives and children?

We submit that it is no time to clamor for the repeal of Capital Punishment, when (as is now the case with us) society is struggling with the monster so graphically sketched in this day's journal by the pencil of Mr. Morgan. We are fairly enveloped in crime. Hardly was Foster executed before Mr. Goodrich is murdered in Brooklyn. And the Tombs contains undoubted murderers. Stokes, King and Scannell are deliberate murderers. Would the public like to see them escape, or would they commute their punishment, in case of final conviction, while the law of Capital Punishment remains un repealed?

The only point raised in the Foster case worth considering is this: If the public sentiment recoiled against his execution on the ground that the crime was not "premeditated," then by his death a heavy blow was struck against Capital Punishment. This argument, originating, in print, with Mr. Evans, is the only argument in the case as submitted to the Governor. All the rest was either sentiment or such stupidity as the silly jury evinced who convicted him under oath, and then—under oath—stated to the Governor that they did not mean to do what they did do.

All agree that Foster committed a brutal homicide; all agree that he should have been imprisoned for life. It is in this view of the case that we submit the following timely paragraph from the *Nation*. We hope that the facts which it embodies may be duly pondered:

"We have before us a medical report made in 1868 on the Auburn State Prison, which has for fifty years been one of the glories of New York. Between 1815 and 1868, 214 persons were committed to that prison under life sentences. Of these, 34 died from natural causes, 8 went mad, 2 committed suicide, 1 escaped, and 10 were transferred to other prisons, leaving 159 to be accounted for. Well, of these 159, 25 remained in the prison at the date of the report, and 134 had been pardoned. Perhaps, however, they were pardoned after long years of suffering, and were discharged when age or confinement had made them harmless? Nothing of the kind. Their average period of servitude was six years and six months. In other words, when a man is sent to jail for life in this State, he has over sixty-three chances in one hundred of liberation inside seven years. This experience is very much that of all the States. In Massachusetts, 50 per cent. of the life prisoners are pardoned; in Pennsylvania, 13½ per cent. of the whole number imprisoned for all periods; in Ohio, 40 per cent. of the life prisoners; in Wisconsin, 33 per cent. In short, we repeat that imprisonment for life is, to all intents and purposes, an unknown punishment in this country, and the machinery for inflicting it does not as yet exist."

#### REV. MR. NEWMAN.

GENERAL GRANT has been very good indeed to the Rev. Mr. Newman. He has appointed this gentleman to the nicest kind of a sinecure. At the Government expense, Mr. Newman will now travel round the world. He has received the appointment of Inspector of Consuls. As we have consuls everywhere, and generally very wretched consuls at that, Mr. Newman has a very wide charter and a very pleasant business.

Rev. Mr. Newman is an excellent gentleman; and he is also General Grant's clergyman. His clerical training will fully qualify him to criticize the varied duties of the minor diplomatists. For example, the theological writers are capital authorities on consuls. There is, therefore, a peculiar fitness in this appointment.

Mr. Newman may be shocked at the habits of our little diplomatists, many of whom he will find to be—like Mr. Cramer—addicted to whisky and street-fights, and to intrigues large and small, and to flirtations gross and fine. But, then, the question of social habits has been determined by the President to be entirely outside of the issue when official fitness is considered. This fact was settled a year ago in the case of the above-named Mr. Cramer.

To be serious. We wish Mr. Newman well. We would as gladly see him go on a pleasure-trip at the public expense as to see any other man so complimented. But the office of Inspector of Consuls is a magnificent humbug and farce. It cannot be too soon abolished. The salary of this sinecure is \$5,000 per year and mileage—an aggregate of at least fifty thousand dollars.

#### THE RULE OF BRIGANDS.

WE are confessedly living under the terror of Brigands. There is scarcely more safety at certain hours of the night in the street-cars of New York than there is in crossing the wild Western plains infested by the Apache Indians. Every day tells of a car outrage in some form. Pockets are picked by force; men are attacked in the cars by highwaymen armed with knives, and are thus wounded and robbed. A rough refuses to pay his fare, and responds to the Conductor's determined demand for the money by a pistol-shot, which wounds him and pierces the foot of a passenger. A drunken fellow gets on a car, and acts so outrageously that he is expelled, after a violent fight with the Conductor, during which he smashes all the windows about him. And, landed on the pavement, he renews the conflict. The ruffian follows the car, and throws paving-stones into the windows. A negro highwayman attacks and robs a citizen, on the pavement, of his watch and chain. A party of unknown men assail a countryman, early in the evening, with clubs and knives, and the assailants escape.

Such are some of the terrible pictures of events reported as having occurred in New York during the past week.

What a condition of things is thus unfolded as existing in the leading city of America! And yet the worst remains behind. The worst of all is, Conductors are suspected of complicity with knaves; policemen have been convicted as burglars. The detective service is of little or no account to the general public, its chief use being confined to special prominent cases of murder and burglary, and forgery, counterfeiting, and the like. And yet there is much to be said on both sides as affecting these officials.

As to Conductors—occasionally there are black sheep among them. Now and then, no doubt, gangs of ruffians "plant" accomplices as Conductors of street-cars, or else seduce such to become confederates. Many Conductors are cowards, as illustrated recently when a passenger was compelled to eject a rowdy from the car who had proven too much for the nerves of the officer of the road. But, in the main, we are convinced that Conductors are overawed by these felons, because they are helpless and unsustained in the performance of their duties. Passengers seldom or never interfere when such disturbances are going on. The Conductor is threatened by these roughs and murderers. He is told, "If you trouble us, look out for your life." There is no law regulating the number of passengers which each car shall carry. And it is in bad weather, of dark nights, and in crowds, that Crime generally effects its ends. Railroad Companies take no note of these outrages. They say (practically) to the public, "Look out for yourselves; we can't help you. We shall pack our cars to repletion. We instruct our drivers and conductors to mind their own business. If policemen ride on our cars, they must pay fare. We will not pass them free." These things are perfectly well known to the scoundrels who rob and kill with impunity. It was only the other day that a detective was shot in the cars by one of a gang, the officer being in the honest performance of his duty. The wound was slight, and the "affair" seems to have passed over.

It is evident to every well-informed mind that the law and its guardians are so tampered with and overmastered, that stringent and prompt measures must be taken to protect life and property in New York, or, as an alternative, the people will rise, and commit such summary and indiscriminate slaughter as characterizes excited mobs everywhere, when aroused by a like condition of society. Frontier law will be sure to prevail, if we cannot suppress Frontier outrages in the regular way.

We have several times suggested the idea of a Peaceful Vigilance Committee, with branches in every Ward, who shall be authorized by law to make arrests—a Society for the Preservation of Order and the Prevention of Crime, to be regularly incorporated, on the model of Mr. Bergh's Society. What the objection can be to a volunteer organization of this description, we cannot even imagine. Again: The railroads should be compelled to permit patrols free through the cars at night. And a law should be inflexibly enforced to limit the number of passengers allowed to ride at one time on the cars. There should be enacted here the English Habitual Criminal's Act, under whose provisions Rogues (known as such to the Police) can be arrested wherever seen, and committed to prison. The New York *Tribune* enforces our idea of a Peaceful Vigilance Committee, when it says:

"The use of the mounted police in the upper part of the city in the protection of citizens, is a good move in the right direction. But it is not enough. Recognize this at once, Messieurs Commissioners, and do not stand on the defensive. All the cavalry and infantry in the State turned into policemen will accomplish little as long as your detectives sit idle, and the hundreds of known thieves

have the liberty of the city. Stopping to catch rogues in the act is not the way to accomplish the reform which is now demanded. Hunt them down. Do not wait to detect them in the act. Their trade is their offense. Drive them into honest lives or into prisons."

We append a digest of a case, which illustrates the Horse Car Banditti:

At nine o'clock on the 16th of March Mr. Stanislas Antoldi, an Italian, about twenty-five years of age, started from East Eighty-third Street to go to his home, 223 High Street, Brooklyn. At Eighty-third Street and Madison Avenue he was assailed by the prisoners, two striplings, aged respectively 16 and 17. They caught him by the neck and demanded his money and his watch, with threats of murder. Mr. Antoldi broke away, and ran to car No. 51 of the Fourth Avenue line. The young highwaymen chased him through the car to the front platform, brandishing knives, and almost paralyzing the passengers with fear. When they reached Mr. Antoldi they renewed their attack. He defended himself, but could not avoid several cuts.

He called for protection on the conductor, John Wiesner, who tardily went to his assistance, and ordered all three to get off the car. Mr. Antoldi protested, but got off and ran up Seventy-ninth Street. Coughlan and Green overtook him, knocked him down and robbed him of his gold watch and chain and \$2 in money. Then one of them knelt upon his breast and held his hands, while the other cut and stabbed him in the head and face, inflicting serious wounds. Leaving Antoldi, whom they probably thought they had killed, they slowly walked away.

When the robbers had left him, Mr. Antoldi made his way, bleeding profusely, to the Eighty-sixth Street Police Station, and told his story. The sergeant in charge dispatched Roundsmen McConnell and Petrolman Bangle in quest of the thieves. At Seventy-first Street the officers discovered the passengers rushing out of a Fourth Avenue car, followed by the conductor. The officers approached, and discovered Green and Coughlan standing in the middle of the car, swinging their butcher-knives about their heads, while several of the passengers cowered in terror, apparently afraid to attempt even an escape. When the officers appeared, Green and his companion darted out at opposite doors. Both were captured and taken back to the car to which the conductor had returned. He accused them of entering the car, drawing their knives, and threatening instant death to all who did not surrender their valuables.

It is, indeed, a triumph of law to record that after the lapse of five days from the commission of this crime, these young ruffians were summarily punished by imprisonment for fifteen years each in the State's Prison; and that no leniency was extended to their plea of intoxication.

#### PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is, we believe, twenty-five years since the present Constitution of the State of New York was formed. Six years ago a Constitutional Convention met to modify the fundamental law, which submitted radical changes to the people, who rejected the proposed amendments. Under Governor Hoffman a smaller Commission was organized, which has been deliberating about its work since December last. This body has now concluded its work, and submitted its conclusions to the Legislature in the form of suggested Amendments of the Constitution of 1846.

Among the changes proposed, we note the following:

The property qualification formerly required of negro citizens before being allowed to vote is to be erased. Stringent provisions are made against bribery and corruption in elections, and all officers against whom these charges are proved are declared incompetent and their election void. Officers will be required to embody in their oath of office a declaration that they have spent no money or given or promised any valuable thing to influence or secure votes. The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Comptroller are to be elected for three years. The Governor is to have a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, with the use of a suitable house.

Instead of the State being divided into thirty-two Senatorial districts, with a member for each, it is to form eight districts, each electing four members. These are to be so arranged as to give the southeastern portion of the State the increased representation to which its rapid growth of population entitles it.

Special legislation is promoted in a large number of cases specified. Among these are the granting of exclusive powers and franchises to individuals and corporations, and the conferring of authority to locate railroad tracks. Special, local and private Bills must be introduced within the first sixty days of the session, unless by consent of three-fourths. Every tax levy shall receive the assent of three-fifths of both Houses. All city governments are to be on a uniform plan, in which mayors and aldermen are to be elected by the people, and heads of departments appointed by the mayor and aldermen. Each city shall also have a board of audit of not less than five nor more than eleven members. They shall be electors of the city, and shall be chosen by general ticket by such electors thereof as shall have paid individual property taxes in the year previous to the election, a tax on property officially assessed for taxation at not less than two hundred and fifty dollars. The assent of such board of audit, by the vote of a majority of all the members elected thereto, shall be necessary to every resolution, ordinance or other proceeding of the board of aldermen involving the auditing of claims and accounts, the expenditure of money, the contracting of debts or the levying of taxes or assessments; and the board of audit shall be clothed with no other power. This clause, which proposes to give taxpayers a new and peculiar power over municipal expenditures, is an innovation which will be apt to encounter decided opposition.

A census is to be taken in 1875, and in each tenth year thereafter, and Assembly districts are to be equalized and apportioned according to population. The Legislature is to be restrained from selling or disposing of the Erie, Oswego, Champlain and Cayuga and Seneca Canals, and the expenditures upon them in each year are restricted to the amount of their gross receipts in the previous year. All the other canals are left to the discretion of the Legislature.

#### ALL ONE LANGUAGE.

WHEN General Grant uttered the hope—or prophecy—that all men would some day speak the same language, etc., he suggested to our mind the error committed by Americans in encouraging the classification of our Foreign Population.

With due regard for all patriotic traditions, we insist that the naturalized citizen is an American. He is no longer distinctively an Irishman, Frenchman or German. Our foreign element ought not to be played on, through their prejudices, like a many-keyed musical instrument. They should give forth but one harmonious patriotic note, and that should be American.

Prince Bismarck has lately made a decision touching the propriety of teaching the French language in German schools, in which he de-



termines against the use of two tongues as applicable to the work of elementary teaching. In several of our Western cities the immigrants from Germany, however, have insisted on having the German language recognized in the public schools, on a plane of equality with the English, to regard and attention. In short, they seem to have come to this country not to be Americans, but Germans.

There are no people who make better citizens than do the Germans. They unite every useful quality for American citizenship; and we feel assured that they will not long seriously contend for any precedent whose establishment is demonstratively hostile, if not fatal, to the liberal, yet American, idea on which our Institutions rest.

#### NEW ANTI-SLAVERY MISSION.

FROM the Zanzibar mission on the eastern coast of Africa, we have slight news. It will be remembered that on the receipt of the dispatches from Dr. Livingstone, brought from the Ujiji by Mr. Stanley, the British Government sent out an expedition to Zanzibar, at the head of which Sir Bartle Frere was placed, the object being to negotiate a treaty with Syed Burgash, the Sultan of Zanzibar, to put an end to the slave trade on that coast. The Special Envoy reached Zanzibar on the 12th of January, and the next day delivered to the Sultan the letters for him, written by Queen Victoria, the Secretary for India, and the Governor of Bombay.

European and native merchants are engaged there in this trade. The latest accounts, dated February 3d, say that Sir Bartle Frere had held a levee of the native merchants at Zanzibar; that they declared that the slave trade would never be abolished, and that should it be prevented, the place must be ruined, for the Souvella Arabs, who are the chief traders, would desert the place and go elsewhere. The Sultan professed to agree with Sir Bartle Frere, but declared that if he signed any document to abolish slavery his life would be endangered. He is said to have been alarmed, in the first instance, at the strong expression of the newly awakened feeling against Zanzibar that had shown itself in England, but had been assured, and evidently believed, that the crusade against slavery was due to an enthusiasm which would soon pass away. This is certain, that so far the object of the English anti-slavery mission had not been accomplished. All the ports of East Africa were to be visited by the British envoy, who will finally return to Zanzibar to ascertain whether the Sultan will sign the treaty, the conditions of which were left with him for his consideration and that of his advisers.

#### ALL HAIL VIRGINIA!

VIRGINIA has passed the following "short and sweet" law:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia, That any person who shall pay or receive money or other compensation, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of securing the passage or defeat of any measure by the General Assembly of this State, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and if convicted thereof shall be punished by confinement in jail not exceeding twelve months and by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars.

2. Any person who shall employ paid agents for the purpose of giving information of any action which may be taken by the General Assembly, in order that said information may be used for the purpose of securing the passage or defeat of any measure by the General Assembly, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and if convicted thereof shall be punished by confinement in jail not exceeding twelve months, and by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars.

3. This act shall not apply to any person who may be invited by, or have the permission of, any regular or special committee of the General Assembly to appear before it, either for or against any measure.

#### LATEST FROM SPAIN.

HONOR to the Republican Ministry of Spain! In spite of the most savage opposition, they have redeemed their pledges and completed the work of immediate emancipation in Porto Rico. On this issue they staked their official existence and the life of the Republic. Slavery has been abolished in Porto Rico, by a unanimous vote of the National Assembly.

It is not logical to admit slavery in a Republic, and this fact Spain, we hope, sees. Cuba will not be satisfied, as we believe and trust, with anything short of emancipation. And it seems now quite certain that the Constituent Cortes, when they meet, will adopt the Federal form; in that event Cuba will naturally constitute one or two States, with all the attributes of the peninsular States. Slavery will then soon meet the fate which has overtaken it in Porto Rico.

The slaves in Porto Rico numbered about 50,000, while in Cuba there are 400,000. A great portion of the latter are nobly struggling for their freedom. The suppression of the rebellion would replace the fetters on these human beings.

We hail what we see of hope for the new Republic; but how can we close our eyes to the dark side of the picture?

The influence of the Church: the pretensions of Don Carlos; a destructive system of restrictive laws which paralyze commerce and industry; almost legalized assassination and banditism; an army smaller than that of England, with six hundred generals pensioned upon her Treasury; and Cuba robbed to enrich the grandees of Spain—such is the dark side of the Spanish picture.

#### THE NEW JERSEY STRUGGLE.

THE people of New Jersey need congratulating on the defeat, in the House, of the Monopoly Railroad Bill, which passed the Senate under the imputation and proof of bribery, and whose passage must have destroyed the Free Railroad Law, the chief blessing of which will be compelling railroads across the State. Had this fraud been consummated, it must have placed in the hands of the Pennsylvania Monopoly the second and only other available route for a through road across New Jersey.

The temper of the New Jersey people, in anticipation that the House might follow the lead of the Senate, was excited to the pitch of rebellion. We believe—in that event—tracks would have been torn up, bridges burned, and blood would have been shed. A correspondent writes to the New York World: "It is impossible to describe the manifestations of delight that followed the death of the infamous 'Senate Bill No. 138.' Men clasped hands, and, unable to find vent for their feelings in words, danced, hugged, shouted, and indulged in all sorts of antics. Others, silently clasping palms, gazed into each other's faces with an expression of ecstasy." We congratulate the whole country on this first victory of the People over Railroad Monopoly.

#### CLERGYMEN AND MURDERERS.

LAST Monday's papers publish a clerical outburst against hanging. Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Beecher (who is usually so modest in the expression of all opinions which tend to mix up the State with the Church), leads the assault on Capital Punishment. This is a new alliance with crime!

We do not object to the expression of opinion on secular themes by the Pulpit—although the Saviour of mankind set an example precisely the other way. But we do insist (1) that the present is no time for such clamor, in view of the murderers awaiting deserved punishment in our midst, and (2) we protest that the Pulpit shall not be permitted to exercise an undue influence in this regard.

Thank heaven for what remains to us of an independent and level-headed Bench, and a brave Press, and for the firmness of a Governor who has evinced courage enough to uphold the law! We are in a very bad way when murder can ally itself with the Pulpit and a portion of the influential Press.

#### THE CALDWELL CASE.

MR. MORTON'S Decency Case is still before the Senate as we go to press. The questions raised are: If Caldwell was legally elected to the Senate, is he, therefore, only liable to expulsion for bribery? Or, was he illegally chosen, and is his seat, therefore, liable to be declared vacant? Or, is Caldwell protected by the fact that he is legally elected Senator of the United States by the Legislature of Kansas? And, if Caldwell is kicked out, shall not Mr. Subsidy Pomeroy—who has just been whitewashed—be elected to succeed him—as, in such case, he is likely to be?

The same sort of an investigation is going on in Albany in relation to Boss Tweed. Is there no way to shake the Scoundrels of the land off the throat of the nation?

THE most interesting feature of the report of the National Association of Iron Manufacturers for 1872, is a review of the growth of the iron trade in the United States. Although considerable iron was manufactured in the Colonies during the Revolutionary War, and although Congress in 1794 imposed a tariff on foreign iron, it was not until 1810-12 that the industry arrived at importance. In the former year there were 153 furnaces, of which 53,908 tons of pig iron were the product; 330 forges producing 24,541 tons of bar iron, and 54 rolling mills consuming 6,500 tons. In the same year the total value of the pig iron and castings was \$3,616,457, and of wrought iron, \$10,998,086. In 1820, the value of the former products was reduced to \$2,230,275, and of wrought iron to \$4,640,669. In 1830 the pig metal product had swelled to 137,075 tons, of the value of \$4,757,403, and that of bar iron to nearly 100,000 tons, of the value of \$16,737,251. In 1840 the condition of the trade was stated as follows: Number of furnaces, 804; product of pig metal, 286,903 tons; forges, bloomeries, and rolling-mills, 795; product of wrought iron, 197,233 tons; the capital invested, \$20,432,131; fuel consumed, 1,528,110 tons; men employed, 30,497. In 1841 nearly all the works were closed and 300,000 persons out of employment. The tariff of 1842 revived this fluctuating industry once more, and in 1844 and 1845 the railway fever created a great demand and stimulated production, until 1846 again paralyzed the industry. In 1850, there were 377 furnaces, producing of pig iron 564,755 tons; and 552 mills and forges, producing 278,044 tons of wrought iron. Between 1850 and 1860 the trade fluctuated from year to year, as legislation or commercial panics affected it. At the last-named period there were 574 furnaces, with a product of 987,559 tons, which was an increase over 1850 of 100 per cent. in quantity, and of 54 per cent. in value. But it was during the last decade that the industry took its most gigantic strides, the census of 1870 returning the product of pig iron at 2,052,881 tons, of the value of

\$69,640,498, and of the rolling-mills at 1,330,000 tons, of the value of \$20,301,158. In the same year it gave employment to 75,099 men. In 1872 the total value of the product is estimated at \$175,000,000. These figures show the marvelous growth of this single industry, a growth greater and more conspicuous than that of any other trade.

If there is one moral beyond all others taught by the Foster case, in which so much outside pressure was used to belittle and degrade the law, it is this: There is no law so effective as that of Public Sentiment. We hope the sentimental part of the Press and people will, on reflection, feel ashamed of the assaults which they have made on Governor Dix, in their common defense of murder. It is absolutely horrible to recall the coarse and tantalizing attacks made on General Dix, in which he is charged with premeditated murder, by an able contemporary whom we seldom read but to praise.

Some say that it is clear that Foster did not take poison. But it is not equally clear that Rev. Dr. Tyng did not kill him before his time—by "too much of a good thing."

#### EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds have decided against the plan of General Butler to extend the limits of the present hall of the House of Representatives so as to take in the corridor between the hall and the Speaker's room, but will make provision for the increased membership by removing the present desks and substituting smaller ones. The Clerk of the House, Mr. McPherson, and the architect of the Capitol, Mr. Clark, have already chosen the style of desk to be adopted, and on the 3d of April the contract will be made for 302 desks and the same number of chairs. The present desks, which are of larger size, will be sold at auction. They are of oak and of very elaborate workmanship and finish. They cost more than \$100 each, but will probably not sell for \$20. The new desks will be small and plain, the material being of oak also. Mr. McPherson will, during the recess, recarpent the hall, and the architect will make many improvements in the decorations. \* \* \* \* The Post Office Department and its agents are busily engaged in preparing for the 1st of July, when the law abolishing the franking privilege goes into effect. The contractors for furnishing stamps are already providing for the additional number to be required, and by the time the law goes into effect, every postmaster throughout the country will be informed as to his duty, and all the stamps required will be furnished to Government officers. The stamps under the recent contracts cost only 15 cents a thousand, whereas, they have heretofore cost 27 cents. To avoid the embarrassments and complications in the several offices, each department will be furnished with stamps of the various denominations representing that department only, so that each department will have its own stamps. The amount appropriated by Congress for the several departments to carry out the law was something over \$2,000,000. The contracts for furnishing the postal cards having been let some time ago, a sufficient quantity will be in readiness to enable the system to begin its workings in all the principal localities by the 1st of May. \* \* \* \* The Senate in executive session has confirmed the nomination of Frederick A. Sawyer, of South Carolina, to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The last Congress passed an appropriation for the completion of the harbor defenses on Staten Island, and the work upon them will shortly be resumed. The new works now being erected on the crest of the hill, on the site of Fort Tompkins, may be reached by proceeding along the embankment. A massive stone curtain, under a heavy arch of masonry, forms the first gate, and will be defended by a portcullis, drawbridge, and the like. A second gate, with crenellated flanks, will be at the end of the archway passage; to the right and left of both gates run double rows of bomb-proof passages, with intersections at right angles, a similar arrangement being above. The covering mass over each is about five feet of masonry. The quarters and offices for the garrison are arranged around three sides of the interior, in two tiers of bomb-proofs, with splinter-proof doors and window-shutters. The platform for the guns, or banquettes, is over the second tier, and is reached by covered passages at the angles. The chief armament will be placed on the east side, where a light iron stairway affords additional facilities for the use of the gunners. The heaviest metal *en barbette* will mount this part of the work, as also the south face. A bastion, armed with one twenty-inch gun, *en pivot*, will be at each angle, the approaches, on the land side, being covered by three on the western angles. Batteries of heavy guns will also be placed on the glacis, north and south, and a deep ditch will surround the work. Communication with the lower forts will be afforded by covered passages. Leaving this stronghold, the next object of interest is the lighthouse south of the fort, and forming an outlook where formidable batteries are in course of erection. A second tier of works is to be constructed on the ground north of Fort Richmond, and when the entire construction of this stupendous fortification is finished, three hundred guns will be mounted. On the grounds, in the rear of the fort, are a number of immense guns, dismounted, and lying upon skids placed on the ground, awaiting the completion of the works, when they will be placed in position. In the lighthouse battery is a newly invented gun-carriage, upon which is mounted a twenty-inch gun. The machinery of this carriage is so arranged that when the gun is fired the recoil throws it backward, down an inclined plane below the level of the parapet, where the gunners can reload in perfect safety, and without exposing themselves above the parapet. By a system of enormous weights, hung in a chamber below the carriage, the gun is again run up into position. Two men can operate the ponderous mass of metal with the greatest ease.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Society of Practical Engineering, in the Geographical Society's Rooms, Cooper Union, a paper was read by James C. Bayles, on "The Mechanical Adaptation of Steam Power to the Movement of Canal Tonnage." The speaker reviewed the attempts which have been made since 1858 to substitute steam for horse power on the Erie Canal, and claimed that the best results reached by those who had undertaken to carry off the State prize were less satisfactory, so far as the establishment of an economy for steam over horses is concerned, than were those accomplished by some of the trials made previous to the close of navigation in 1862. For reasons given at considerable length, the speaker believed that no boat carrying its own steam engine and 200 tons of freight could succeed in competition with horse boats carrying from 240 to 244 tons, and he brought forward many interesting facts and figures to establish his theory that canal boats can only be moved economically by steam in

trains of seven or nine, by powerful tugs capable of towing them at a speed of from four to five miles per hour, and at a cost per mile no greater than that of towing by horses at a speed of 1½ miles per hour.

NINE Railroad Companies have notified the Postmaster-General of their intention to withdraw postal cars from their trains on and after April 1st. Higher rates are demanded by the Companies, but Congress refused to grant the increase, and the Postmaster-General has no option. If no compromise can be made, the mails on all the great routes will hereafter be transported in the baggage-cars—a return to old, clumsy and inconvenient methods, which will seriously interfere with the postal service. Notice of the intended action of the Railroad Companies was given to Congress in the last week of January, more than a month before the adjournment, but that body neglected to make suitable provision for the emergency.

The steamship *Merrimack*, from Rio Janeiro February 24th, and Pernambuco March 2d, brings news of the ravages of yellow fever and cholera in Brazil. The United States fleet had all left Rio for the River Plate, on account of the yellow fever, which was prevailing. From fifty to seventy cases of the disease were reported daily. The fever was also reported as prevailing at Bahia and Pernambuco, but it was confined chiefly to the shipping. At Para the cholera was epidemic and very fatal. The schooner *Mercury*, Captain Girarde, was at St. Thomas. She had had yellow fever, and two deaths among the crew were reported.

THE exports of wheat direct from Portland, Oregon, for the United Kingdom, from August 1st to February 7th, amounted to 909,000 centals. The flour shipments for the same time equaled 175,000 wheat centals, making a total of 1,084,000 centals of wheat and flour as wheat. The value of the wheat was about \$400,000, and the flour \$300,000, making a total value of \$700,000. There was still left a large surplus in the hands of producers in the country.

THE most important announcement of this day comes from Yokohama, under date of February 24th, to the effect that a special edict, tolerating Christianity throughout Japan, has been promulgated, and it is determined to throw the whole country open to foreigners. The Government is endeavoring to form a code based upon the European systems. A special providence of God seems to select Japan as a pioneer in the most sublime work of this century.

ALTHOUGH the President finds a reformation of the Civil Service an up-hill business, he is not discouraged from trying his hand on the military. The order forbidding army officers to attend Congress for the purpose of lobbying was needed. Military men often have great and personal interest in pending Bills. But it is wrong to lobby. Besides, it brings the army men in contact with Congressmen, and that is more demoralizing than mere lobbying.

HOPES of retrenchment, like those of reform, came to nothing in the last session of Congress. The list of appropriations made during that session shows a grand and alarming total of \$195,510,839. This is about \$54,000,000 more than was appropriated last year. But, then, that was just before the election, and was a year of promise-making, as this has been one of promise-breaking.

THE venerable poet Bryant has escaped from these piercing March winds, and is now enjoying the scented airs and soft sunshine of Florida. The simple inhabitants throng every morning to behold the veteran seated on the piazza of his vine-clad cottage, alternately reading from the Greek poets and peeling oranges; and they speak of the spectacle as a "literary entertainment."

AFTER one of the late heavy snow-falls, a young Belfast (Maine) girl was endeavoring to make her way along the street to a house at which she was employed, when a strange dog, a large Newfoundland, came to her aid. He kept ahead of her, breaking a path, until he saw her turn in at her destination, when, with a satisfied wag of the tail, he trotted back.

THE failure of the Bull's Head Bank, one of the old monetary institutions of the city, surprised the Street. The curious feature of the affair is that the bank's experts cannot say whether the sudden deficit in its assets is a defalcation or a loss.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG goes to Europe in June.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK has just been engaged for two years at the new Opera-Comique of Vienna.

"A BUSINESS WOMAN" has had but a short run at the Union Square Theatre, and not a very merry one.

BOUCHICAUT's "Daddy O'Dowd" draws admirably at Booth's. It is regarded a *chef-d'œuvre* of the distinguished dramatist.

SIR SALAR JANG is about to build a large theatre at Haidrabad, India, and keep a theatrical company at his own expense. A good act for poor actors.

"FALSE SHAME," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has been welcomed by a full house. The piece is even more beautifully set than on its first production.

"UNCLE SAM," at the Grand Opera House, is regarded as a vicious travesty on American manners, with just enough of truth in it to make it bitter in the extreme.

MADAME LUCCA has signed an engagement with Maretzek for another year. Throughout both her seasons of opera here, she has sustained her reputation as a great artist.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL spoke, and Miss Antoinette Sterling sang, at an entertainment given in Steinway Hall, Thursday evening, March 20th, for the benefit of the Women's Educational and Industrial Fund.

AN Italian operatic company, with Arditi as conductor, has commenced a series of performances at Vienna. The list of artists comprises the names of Mmes. Adelina Patti, soprano, and Marchisio, contralto; MM. Nicolini and Marini, tenors; Graziani, baritone, and Vidal, bass.

MR. JOHN SAVAGE, at the Friendly Sons' dinner on St. Patrick's Day, took advanced ground for the Drama of Ireland. He claimed that, great as Ireland was in poetry and oratory, she was greatest in the drama. After Shakespeare, he said, she had produced the largest number of acting dramatists—especially in the field of comedy.

HANDEL's oratorio music is greatly favored in Constantinople. The British Choral Union have successfully performed the "Messiah," and now the Armenian young ladies of the Agabian school, in Pera, are about to sing it, with the aid of several gentlemen from the Union. The performers will be composite in language, as well as in performance. English will vary with Armenian in the choruses, and in the latter language "See the Conquering Hero Comes" will be sung.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 59.



ENGLAND.—THE COAL FAMINE—DEMONSTRATION AT NOTTINGHAM.



SPAIN.—THE NEW RÉGIME—SCENE OUTSIDE THE CORTES, IN MADRID.



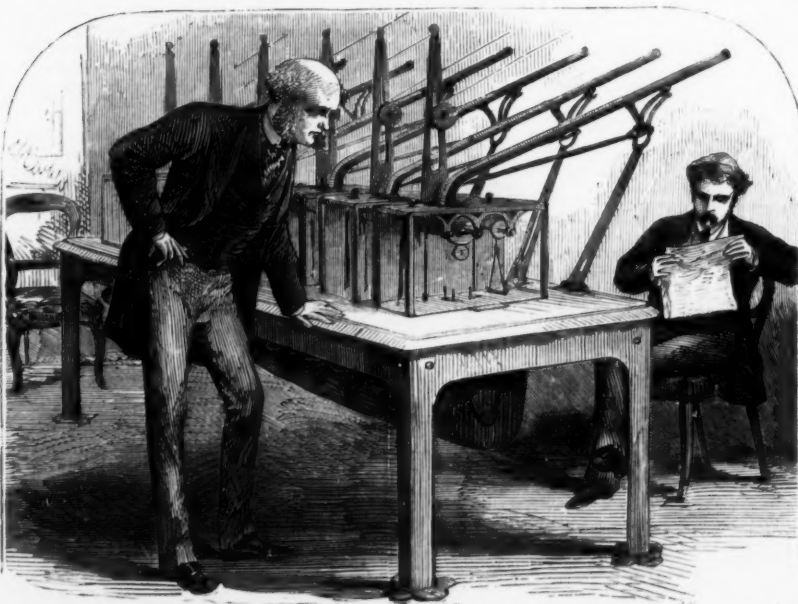
HOLLAND.—A MARKET-DAY AT HAARLEM.



ENGLAND.—THE COLLIER EXPLOSION IN STAFFORDSHIRE—RETURN OF A VOLUNTEER.



ENGLAND.—A LONDON DUST-YARD.

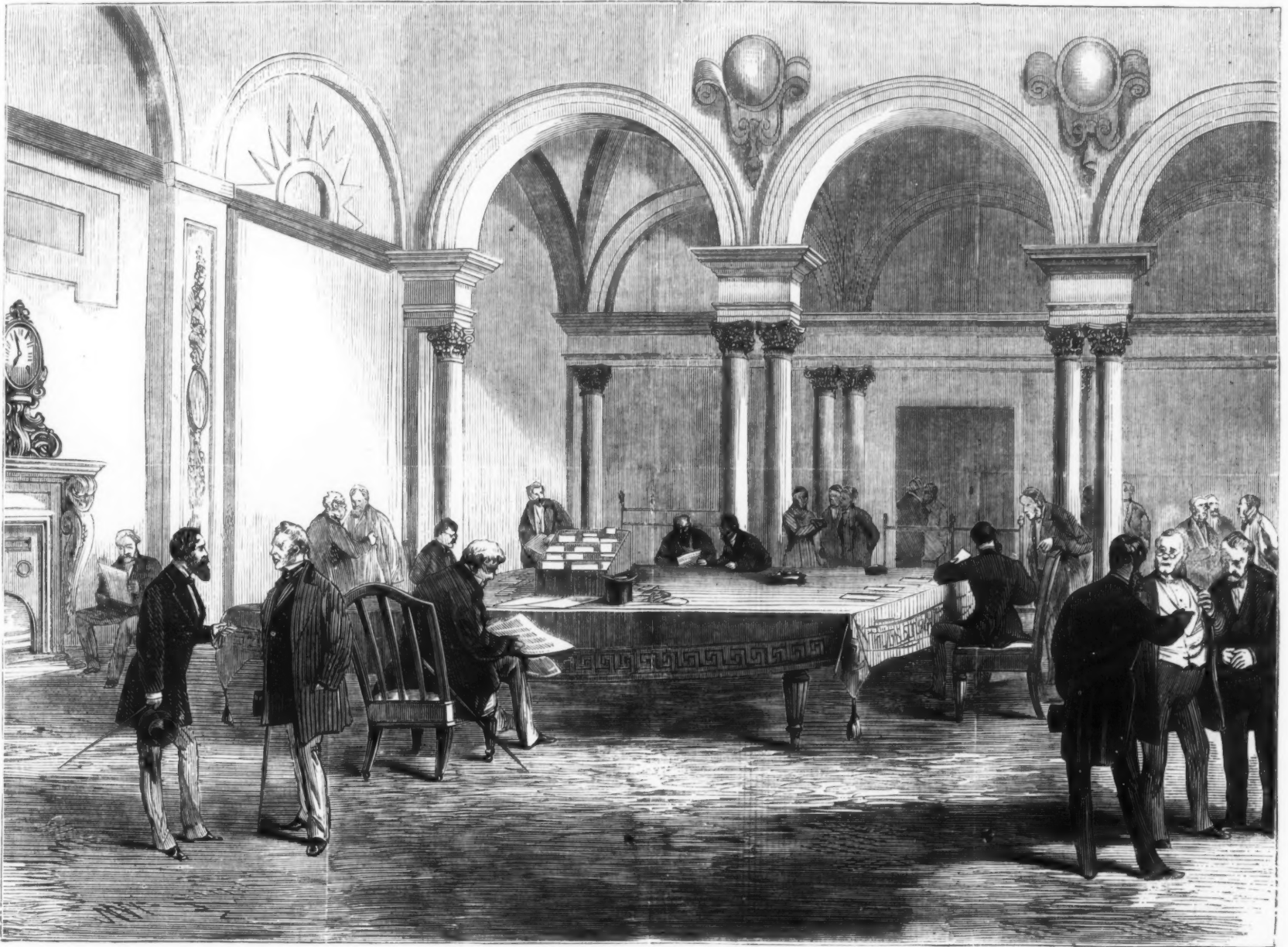


ENGLAND.—MACHINE FOR WEIGHING GOLD IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



SWITZERLAND.—GENEVA—EXPULSION OF MGR. MERMILLOD, VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF THE CANTON.





ENGLAND.—PARLOR IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE recent forgeries on the Bank of England have increased public interest in that institution. The modern practice of banking is considered to have begun in England about two hundred years ago—that is to say, the practice of receiving deposits of money, for the profitable use of which, in loans or credits granted elsewhere, the bankers could afford to pay interest. Up to the time of their expulsion, in the reign of Edward I., the Jews loaned money upon interest. The Lombard merchants did the same thing afterward in London.

A regular bank had existed at Venice from the end of the twelfth century; but in England it was only an occasional resource of mercantile bodies, such as the Turkey merchants, or Goldsmiths' Company of London, to undertake the custody of treasure lodged with them by the Crown or by private individuals, and to lend it for their own profit. During the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when personal property was much exposed to plunder or confiscation, the Goldsmiths' Company received in this way, not only the gold and silver plate of many country gentlemen, but the rents of their estates, for which they allowed interest at the rate of fourpence a day for every £100. With the money so obtained the Goldsmiths' Company discounted bills and made advances to the Crown on the security of the taxes; they issued receipts for the sums placed in their hands, and these receipts, or deposit notes, passing from hand to hand, became a virtual paper currency.

Mr. F. Child, of Temple Bar, set up the first banking house in England, at the beginning of Charles II.'s reign. He paid 6 per cent. on deposits, and charged the King 10, 20 or 30 per cent. for loans. The other goldsmiths of London followed their confrere's gainful example, and the Crown debt to them grew to be £1,300,000, when his Majesty refused payment, and shut up the Exchequer, on

which he had given drafts to his creditors. Popular indignation afterward compelled the unprincipled ruler to settle with the bankers at the rate of 6 per cent. interest. The principal, however, remained due, and formed the nucleus of the national debt, at a reduced interest of 3 per cent., fixed as a permanent charge in the reign of William III.

After the establishment of many minor banking institutions, a Scotchman named William Paterson induced the same King to sanction the foundation of the Bank of England in 1694. It was a corporation of shareholders, with a capital stock of £1,200,000,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BENNETT FIREMAN'S MEDAL.

and borrowing power for £300,000 more; this money the institution was to lend to Government at 8 per cent. interest, and to receive £4,000 per annum for management. The first Deputy Governor was Mr. Michael Godfrey, who controlled twenty-four directors and a staff of fifty-four clerks and secretaries. They did business in Mercers' Hall, and afterward in Grocers' Hall.

From the first, until Queen Anne's reign, the Bank of England steadily grew stronger, so that the convulsion of the monetary world, by the sudden inflation and speedy bursting of the South Sea Company bubble, only proved the soundness of the concern. About 1730 or 1732 the first building for the hall and officers of the Bank was erected in Threadneedle Street. Here, history records that business was commenced, on June 5th, 1734.

In 1770, and again in 1786, the building was much enlarged under the direction of the celebrated architect, Sir Robert Taylor. Sir John Soane was the architect in 1788. The Bank now occupies a space of more than three acres, bounded by four streets—Threadneedle Street on the south side, Lothbury on the north, Princes Street on the west, and Bartholomew Lane on the east. The buildings are one-storied, and have no external windows; their aspect is rather dull, but some parts of the interior present imposing features of the classical style, copied from specimens of Grecian architecture at Rome. The Rotunda, where the dividends on bank stock and Government consols are paid half-yearly, has a dome 57 feet in diameter.

The bank parlor, in which the Governor, Deputy Governor and Directors hold their meeting, is the subject of our half-page illustration. It is 60 feet long by 31 feet 6 inches wide. The east and west sides are adorned with double columns, supporting fine arches, while the south side has large Venetian windows, overlooking a garden, which was formerly the churchyard of St. Christopher. On the north side is a finely carved marble chimney piece.

## THE BENNETT FIREMAN'S MEDAL.

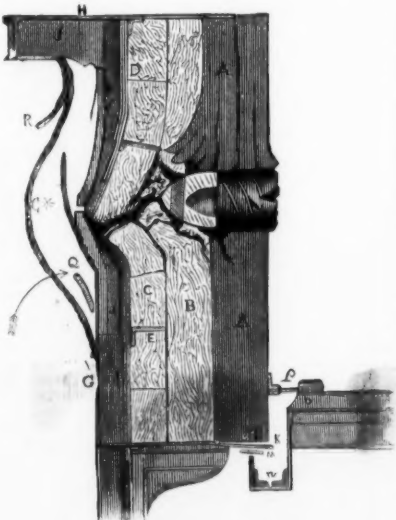
ADMIRING the discipline and dash of the Paid Fire Department, to which his attention had been more particularly called at a fire at the country residence of his father at Fort Washington, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., conceived the idea of endowing a permanent mark of appreciation which

would serve to incite the members to greater vigilance and energy. A consultation ensued with Colonel Bailey Myers, then a Commissioner of the Fire Department, which resulted in ordering a Bennett Medal to be struck for presentation to the most meritorious firemen.

Colonel Myers, being unwilling to assume alone so lasting a trust, associated with himself James M. McLean, Esq., President of the "Citizen's," and Robert S. Hone, Esq., President of the "Resolute"



BROOKLYN.—THE LATE CHARLES GOODRICH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURROUGHS, NO. 148 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 59.



EFFECT OF A 600LB. SHOT ON THE "GLATTON" TURRET.—SEE PAGE 59.



Insurance Companies, and prepared a deed of trust, setting forth the particulars. It was decided to bestow annually two gold medals on members of the Department who had most distinguished themselves in saving life at fires in each year, and whose names were recorded on the Roll of Honor of the Department.

The two first medals were presented on the evening of December 27th, 1870—the anniversary of the founding of the Lyceum and Library of the Department. In its hall was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, also the Commissioners, and many of the officers, and a detail of one officer and man from each company.

The medals for the year 1870 were, after an address, conferred by Colonel Myers, who represented the Trustees, on Benjamin A. Gicquel, foreman, and Minthorne D. Tompkins, assistant foreman. It was subsequently found that the medal had been struck on too large a scale for the resources of the Fund, and after a considerable delay (during which the time for the next presentations had elapsed) it was found necessary to make an alteration in the die. The medals were, however, finally struck, reduced in thickness, and were presented at the lecture-room of Bellevue Hospital, on the evening of Friday, the 31st of January last. The room was densely crowded with ladies and gentlemen; the Commissioners and Trustees, a large number of the officers, and over one hundred of the firemen were assembled. Colonel Myers presided, and addressed the firemen as to their position, privileges and duties, complimenting them on their increased efficiency and discipline since the semi-military organization had been adopted.

Professor Doremus then delivered an interesting lecture on "Conflagrations, their Causes and Means of Prevention," illustrated by a series of experiments. The room, on this as on the former occasion, was pleasingly decorated with the banners and insignia of the Department. The medals were then conferred by the Chairman upon Foreman Charles L. Kelley, Engine Company No. 13; Assistant Foreman Thomas Henry, Hook and Ladder Company No. 6; Foreman Ambrose L. Austin, Engine Company No. 3; and Foreman Thomas Hutchinson, Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. Mr. W. H. Nash was then called, and made the subject of very flattering remarks, describing his gallant services in the army as private and as a lieutenant-colonel. He was only excluded from the first distribution of medals for the reason that his gallant act of saving life did not occur quite within the year; and on the last occasion of the distribution he was again entitled to the medal, but had waived his right in favor of a private, whom he promptly said, "as an officer, he did not wish to deprive of his reward." The Chairman then, in thanking Mr. Nash on behalf of the Commissioners and Trustees for his courage and self-denial, conferred upon him a similar medal in bronze, with the remark "that the medal was more enduring, if less valuable, than the other—the busts of heroes were struck in bronze, and not in gold." An engraving of the medal, with the inscriptions thereon, appears on page 57.

#### AT SUNRISE.

LIKE a fragrant-footed fawn  
Tripping through the silver surf,  
That flashes in the crimson dawn  
On the radiant, rolling turf,

Tost and tinted in the gale,  
That in sport around her flies,  
See her coming through the vale,  
Gathering sunlight for her eyes—

Drinking, through her seashell ears,  
Music for her panting throat,  
Pouring from the purple spheres  
Where the early warblers float;

Dashing from the opening flowers,  
That along her pathway drip,  
Clouds of balm and sparkling showers  
For her sigh, and for her lip;

And plucking, from the snowy thorn,  
Blossoms for her raven hair,  
Till she seems another morn,  
She's so balmy, fresh and fair;

Like a fragrant-footed fawn  
Tripping through the silver surf,  
See her in the rosy dawn,  
On the radiant, rolling turf!

NEW YORK.

#### THE "INCURABLE."

BY  
RICHARD B. KIMBALL,  
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC., ETC.

"YOU know him?" whispered my companion.  
"No."  
"What! Don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"  
"Elisha Fay! Do you mean to say that is Elisha Fay?"

"It is he; the man on whom Wall Street hung for years, watching every move, every word, every look. There you have him."

These words were addressed to me by Dr. Laund, the proprietor of the B— Private Asylum for Incurable Lunatics.

Laund and myself were fellow-students in Paris. For several months we occupied rooms in the same building. He was German, from Pennsylvania—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, who, nevertheless, attended with regularity lecture and clinique. He used to experiment in the oddest manner. I recollect his chaining a dog in one position for a week, in July, and feeding the poor creature on salted meat, without water, to test whether or not hydrophobia would ensue. It did not ensue, but the dog died.

Yes, Laund was wild, harum-scarum. Yet, like a genuine German, studious, with his reflective periods. He was accustomed to frequent Biotre. I little thought what would come of it. The next I heard of Laund was in hospital practice in Philadelphia, then I lost sight of him for years. It is needless to tell how our acquaintance was renewed—an unhappy event in the life of one of my clients—suffice it to say I found in the proprietor of the B— Private Asylum for Incurable Lunatics my old intimate of the Rue Dauphine. It was indeed a surprise. After my business with the establishment was over we went to the doctor's room, in a retired wing of the building.

"To think of finding you here!" I exclaimed: "you, of all others, in a retreat for incurables—how can you stand that, who used to boast so much about the healing art? How can you sit down quietly and admit that every case you have is a case for ever to be despaired of? I should think you would go crazy yourself."

"Not so fast—not so fast!" exclaimed Laund,

with a touch of his ancient humor, while he took from the sideboard a bottle of dry Roderer and prepared to cut the wire. "If this be an asylum for incurables—and I admit that none but those deemed to be so can find entrance here—I say, if it be such a place, I do not admit their state cannot be improved and their condition greatly ameliorated; to this I devote myself."

"But to feel that not one of them can be restored."

Our glasses were filled; clink, clank, in true student way—the wine disappeared.

"You are quite at fault," retorted Laund. "Law has, no doubt, sharpened your wits, but it fails to expand or liberalize. You object to incurables. I dare say you are yourself an incurable on more points than one—absolutely clean beyond any mortal power to recover or restore you. Take an inventory of yourself, physically and morally, and say if I am not right."

With that he drained another glass of wine, and so did I.

"Never mind my ailments. I am talking of your terrible surroundings. How came you here, and why did you select this branch of your profession?"

"I will tell you some day—am not now in the vein."

Then we set about talking busily of old times and the changes in Paris and our acquaintances, and what had become of them. Before we were aware of it, the champagne was finished and it was nearly time for me to go.

"You had better spend a night with me," said the doctor. "I have a suite of rooms here, you see?"

"Not for a thousand worlds. Do you believe I would willingly sleep in the same building with all those fearful subjects?"

"You would soon become accustomed to it. Some of my patients are very agreeable companions."

"Companions? I thought they were incurable."

"So they are, but many have their quiet and often sane intervals of considerable duration, and are then allowed the freedom of the house and grounds, under supervision, of course. Do you recollect the gentleman I found you talking with when I came down?"

"Certainly. We were conversing about horses, and he had just asked me to look at his stables."

"The man is an 'incurable'—the horses and stables exist in his imagination only."

"It does not seem possible."

"But it is so. A very interesting subject. I think you had better spend the night; I will fill your notebook with topics."

"Not this time. Perhaps I may bring myself to it—doubtful, though."

"You will look through the place?"

"Yes; that I would like to do, though I dare say the scene will haunt me a year; but I will try it, and take the next train."

We left Laund's pleasant apartments and passed into the main hall, thence into the grounds. Several gentlemen were to be seen there. Some were engaged in conversation, others were seated reading, still others sauntered about by themselves.

"On my word," I said, "I could fancy myself in a section of the Garden of Plants, and these some of our professors. It is like it, isn't it?"

"I am glad you think so, for I laid out the grounds to resemble that part of the 'Garden' near the old cedar of Lebanon. You see, I have my cedar, too—actually brought from Palestine—but it don't thrive very well."

"I observe your guests are none of them young; all past the prime of life, I should say."

"Yes. It is owing partly to the delay in sending them to me; besides, I receive no females who are apt to develop earlier. When I can organize the right set of matrons, I shall enlarge my establishment. Then we shall have the society of both sexes."

We made the tour of the grounds, stopping frequently to speak with the persons we encountered. I could not help noticing the effect the doctor had on all we met—every one exhibiting a consciousness of his own condition, and a recognition of the presence of a strong, healthy, robust soul. They did not appear cowed, but humiliated.

"Do these unfortunates know they are insane?" I asked.

"A large proportion unquestionably do—in a sense, at least. It depends on the nature of their insanity. Read my book; it will tell you a great deal more than I know myself, or, at least, care to discuss. Look at that man. He was a Government contractor, and made so much money, it turned his head. He is the youngest person I have here—five and thirty. His wife lives in great magnificence in Avenue."

"Does she never visit her husband?"

"Never. He has a little daughter ten years old, who comes frequently."

"We passed on, and entered the house."

"When you come again," said the doctor, "we will look further. Stop, would you like to see an acquaintance?"

"I have no objection."

We ascended two flights of stairs, and passed to the end of the corridor. The doctor took a key from his pocket.

"No one enters here without I am present, whether by day or by night. It is my severest case."

He threw open the door, and we went in. I never can forget what I saw. The room was small, with two grated windows. It was guarded from approach by iron rods extending clear to the ceiling, precisely like those used for the cages of ferocious animals. There was a space of only four or five feet between the door and the grating of the cell—for it can be called by no other name. The floor, sides and top were finished in woodwork, leaving a perfectly smooth surface, except on the side where the bars stood. No furniture of any kind, not the least article, in fact, was to be seen. Only in one corner a quantity of straw had been tossed. This appeared broken into fine bits, which were scattered over the place. Within this inclosure a human being paced up and down swiftly. He was something under the medium height, forty-five years old, as I was told; light, active and athletic. His hair and beard were very gray, and cropped close. He wore no article of clothing, except a garment made of hemp cloth, absolutely cut to the skin, coming tight around his throat and his body, and close-fitting his arms and legs. It is impossible to describe the effect of this spectacle on me.

For a minute or two the figure continued his walk without in the least noticing us.

It was here that the doctor whispered, "You know him?" and on my replying, "No," he exclaimed, "What! don't you remember Elisha Fay, the great Wall Street operator?"

Elisha Fay! What a host of recollections were brought back by the mention of that name. I had known the man—not, indeed, very well, but in the course of affairs we had not unfrequently met. It was five years since he had disappeared from Wall Street. His family reported he was in delicate health—had softening of the brain. Softening of the brain, indeed!

I searched in vain for a resemblance to the famous man of Wall Street, and found none. His hair and beard, formerly so dark and luxuriant, were white and stumpy. In his tight-fitting hempen suit there was nothing to recall the handsomely dressed, graceful figure. The features, distorted by madness, had not the least similarity to the cool, collected look which characterized Elisha Fay.

While I stood oppressed by thoughts which crowded thick upon me, the creature inside made a tremendous dash at the grating, so suddenly that I stepped back in alarm. He seized the rods, and shook them with all his might. Then he stood still, and poured out a volley of the most awful oaths and maledictions that can be imagined. How such a quantity of blasphemy could be got together, and so condensed, passes comprehension. Such strange, peculiar, original curses, terrible enough to curdle the blood! What may appear singular in this connection, Elisha Fay was not a profane man by habit; indeed, his manner was always quiet and calm.

The horrible strain was directed against the doctor solely. The "Incurable" never looked toward me any more than if I had not been present. My companion took it coolly. Presently he said, "Mr. Fay, here is a friend come to see you; don't you recognize him?" and he mentioned my name.

The maniac directed toward me the merest possible glance—it conveyed a look of ineffable contempt—and began with fresh imprecations, mingled with the most disgusting obscenity. He would step backward to the further side of the room, spring with fury on the iron rods, and shake them with all his insane strength, and then commence again with oaths and curses which would make you tremble. These were, I repeat, all hurled at the doctor, no notice whatever being taken of me. I had no wish to prolong the scene. "I have seen enough," I said, and we left the spot, followed by the yell and obscene taunts of the madman, and proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartments.

"And you like this sort of life?" I asked, as I took a seat.

"Absolutely, yes. To me, the subject of insanity is more interesting than any other."

"Do tell me something about this man. What was the matter with him? Did it break out suddenly? How did you come to have charge of him?"

"You overwork a good deal, don't you?" said my friend, without answering my questions.

I shrank like a guilty one from his strange, penetrating scrutiny.

"Perhaps I do; what then?"

"Elisha Fay overworked," replied Laund, as he offered me a cigar, and proceeded to light one himself.

I shuddered. I could not help it.

"Overworked?" I ejaculated, faintly.

The doctor nodded.

"Let us have the particulars," I demanded, stoutly. I began to be piqued at Laund's successful attack on my nerves.

"Nearly five years ago," said the doctor (it was the year I established this place), I was called in consultation with Dr. Z—, an old friend, whom you know, I dare say, with reference to a patient of his, that poor creature up-stairs. I asked about his previous history, for, being a new-comer in the vicinity, I knew little or nothing of the names which figured in financial circles. Z—'s account was that he had been for several years the family physician; that, for a twelvemonth previous to our consultation, he had been frequently called on by Fay, who, while he had little to complain of as to his general health, declared it was impossible for him to sleep. His nervous system was suffering in consequence. At that time the man had an immense weight of business on him—business which, as he felt, left no time for recreation—scarcely time, indeed, for his meals. Wherever he went, he was in connection with his office by telegraph, a set of wires being laid to his own house. Dr. Z— explained to Fay that there was but one remedy—he must quit work and recreate; absolutely nothing else would save him. He looked at Z— incredulously, as if he thought he did not really mean it. When he discovered to the contrary, he was vexed. He said he knew all that sort of thing himself without going to a physician; what he wanted was help to go ahead as he was. Z— told him he would have to come to it; he gave him the best suggestions he could about his daily habits; and the stockbroker went to his work again. He used to visit Z— often, and repeat the old story, and receive the same answer. He was breaking down fast; but the demon had possession of him.

"One day he came to Z— in great distress, and declared something must be done to make him sleep. He said he was in a gigantic operation which he hoped to conclude in one week; he had not slept half an hour in any night for a fortnight. He could stand it no longer; and he insisted Z— must do something to keep him up for a few days, then he would follow Z—'s advice and quit the city. The reply was that nothing could be done while he kept at work; that he was in a very critical condition, and must break off immediately or the worst consequences would follow. He was very angry, and went away saying he should consult some one else in future. Z— was in hopes he would call on a respectable physician; but he went to a quack, who readily undertook to put him right. He was subjected to a strong opiate; he slumbered a few hours, and thought he was in paradise. That finished him; he did not sleep any more. He carried out his operation, made an extra million of dollars, and was taken home—mad."

"This was the whole case. After a careful examination, it appeared to me, taking into question the elastic physique of the man, that there was a chance of his being cured. I advised what I thought should be done, and came away. I suppose my directions, which were very minute, involved too much trouble to the family—at least, that Mrs. Fay thought so. It was in the height of the season, she was a fashionable beauty, gave fine entertainments and so forth and so forth, and was very much admired. Directly against my advice, the poor man was sent to a private asylum, where only exceedingly *recherché* aristocratic madmen, who could afford to pay immensely, could gain admittance. I heard no more of the case till about six months ago. Owing to some reports in the newspapers of the scandalous doings in our private asylums, attention was directed to the very exclusive establishment in which Elisha Fay had been confined. An old friend of the once famous stockbroker called at the place and insisted on seeing him. He was too influential a man to be refused. [The lovely Mrs. Fay's nerves were too delicate ever to trust herself there. She had not cast eyes on her husband for more than four years.] To the astonishment of the visitor, he found the victim in a seven-by-nine cell, in a strait-jacket. The surroundings were too repulsive to describe. The 'keeper' was a coarse, brutal fellow, and replied to questions either indifferently or with insolence. The ancient friend of Elisha Fay went away horror-stricken."

"Dr. Z— was again consulted. Investigation followed. My reputation had been established, and the case was entrusted to me. The meeting which I had with the 'eminent man' who was at the head of the prison which inclosed what was left of poor

Elisha Fay—that meeting—my God, what can I say! The wretch had not seen his victim for more than a year. He had been remanded to the pen as a raving maniac, and that was the end of it. He had nothing to say, no word of suggestion to offer. He blandly remarked he thought it would be useless, quite so, to remove him. He could not hold out much longer. Indeed, it would be a mercy to his family for him to go. His poor wife's nerves were completely unstrung. I asked a few questions. It appeared that it was only by the exercise of violent force that the broker was conveyed inside the walls of what was to be his dungeon. He was at once submitted to 'severe treatment.' Nothing else remained to do, so the eminent person thought, and the wonder was that the man lived through it and held out so long—that another interesting topic, my book will tell you all about it. I took possession of my subject. Dangerous as it would seem, off came the strait-jacket. He had his limbs free. What a time! Clothing was out of the question. He would have torn off with teeth and nails the suit he has on now in ten minutes. He knocked himself about pretty severely, but he was exhausted at last. That suit, by-the-way, is a great triumph—my own invention. The first went in half a day. The next stood for twenty-four hours. By degrees he came to tolerate it a good deal of the time. It is a success. His health has wonderfully changed for the better. I do not despair of greatly improving his condition."

"Do you ever trust yourself with him?" I asked, drawing a long breath.

"Certainly. You saw how violent he was. Had I entered the place he would not have laid hands on me."

"You don't say that!"

"Yes; he feels safe, so to speak, behind the railing. When I go in, he is subdued at once."

"How did you ever manage to get such a control? Do you use force?"

"Force! do you mean punishment?"

I nodded.

"Never. How can punishment be applied to an irresponsible subject?"

"I did not think of that. It cannot."

"Punishment!" continued the doctor, apparently not noticing my reply—"punishment of a mad person! The idea is one of the most horrible that can be conceived of."

"But he is incurable?"

"I fear so; yet I don't despair of introducing him to you one of these days in the 'Garden.'"

"What will Dr. — say of the private aristocratic insane establishment?"

"Oh, he predicted death would ensue in a week after removal here. I fear there will be another person more disappointed than Dr. —."

"Who?"

"The lonely wife who is crazy to be a dashing young widow and control the whole of the crazy man's fortune, now managed under direction of the court."

"Poor woman."

I rose to go.

"I am greatly indebted to you," I said, grasping Laund warmly by the hand. "Besides renewing old scenes and old friendships, and witnessing exhibitions, I can never forget I have had the benefit of a consultation."

"How is that?"

"You will understand how when I tell you, if I live till to-morrow, I shall quit New York for a tramp through the wildest region I can think of. I confess I do overwork, and I am determined to profit by to-day's experience."

"Can't you give those fellows down-town a touch about this sort of thing?"

"I will try."

#### CENTRAL AMERICAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

THE History of the civilized nations who once peopled Central America is still a mystery to us. We know nothing of the builders of those stupendous monuments in Yucatan, Chiapas, Guatemala and Honduras. Mute witnesses of an unknown past, there are seen palaces built in a style entirely of its own, with sculptures in stone, executed with a precision and skill which oblige us to presume a high state of artistic development. Many are the theories about the people who built them. Scientific research and idle speculation have filled the shelves of our libraries with conjectures and hypotheses to an alarming extent. The Indians themselves, found in those countries by the conquering Spaniards, three and a half centuries ago, were generally considered out of the question. Their state of civilization at the time of the Conquest, as reported by the conquerors, was not thought in concordance with the advanced culture shown by the remaining monuments, and the speedy decay of these nations under the Spanish rule seemed to justify such exclusion. It seems, however, that this was a grave mistake, and that those mounds, roads, pyramids and buildings were constructed by the ancestors of the Mayas, Quichés and other tribes belonging to the same stock, although the Indians of those regions do not preserve any recollection about them. What knowledge of former times had been existing among them at the time of the Conquest was ignored by brutal soldiers or purposely destroyed by superstitious monks, who saw nothing but the work of the Devil in all that belonged to Indian antiquities. We know, however, that historical records existed among them; early Spanish authors give us descriptions of those "books" written on long strips of bark or cloth, glazed with a fine white chalk covering, and folded up between two wooden covers. They are said to have been written in characters similar to those seen on the walls and stairs of the ancient buildings. Most of these books have been destroyed by the fanaticism of the missionaries; the Indians were taught to shun all recollection of past times as Satanic delusions and snares, and only a few of these precious records have escaped destruction, and are preserved in European libraries. We know of three such manuscripts written in the characters whose forms are familiar to us from the pictures of the walls in Palenque and of the monoliths of Copan. One, in the Dresden Library, was published in Lord Kingsborough's great collection; another is in the National Library of Paris, and has been printed in a small number of copies in 1864; and the third, in the possession of a Spanish collector, was published under the title "Manuscrito Troano" in 1870, by the Abbé Brissier. This writer published in 1864 a work of Bishop Landá, which purports to give a key to the picture-writing of Yucatan, and the Abbé pretends to read, the Tro-Codex at least, "from beginning to end." But the learned world gives little credit to his astonishing explanations, and if we see that he himself in his last publication (Bibliothèque Mexico-Guatemalienne, Paris, 1871) confesses to have mistaken the beginning for the end, and that the whole manuscript ought to be read in an inverted direction, we think there might be some grounds for doubting his correctness. We are not sorry for it. The learned Abbé's explanation gives us not any historical records of the ancient



nations, but, without reference to fixed localities or precision of time, a confused account of the geological formation of this continent, volcanic eruptions, floods, submerged countries, mud volcanoes, glaciers tumbling upon each other—in fact, things only of which those Indians probably knew much less than our savans know to-day. So we hope still that some day another way of reading these mysterious writings may be discovered, and that they may disclose facts of more interest and more tangibility. In the meanwhile we think it the duty of our time to preserve for future study the existing material. We hope that cartes and photographic views may be taken from the tablets in the ruined cities of Central America, and published for the benefit of those who are interested in the study of the early history of our continent.

As a specimen of those hieroglyphical tablets, we present our readers the design of a remarkable stone, which exists in the city of Chiapas. It was



discovered some years ago by a Mexican engineer, Don Secundino Orantes, who, stopping at an Indian hut near Ocozingo, found it used at the back of a fireplace by his host. The man said it had been brought there from the ruins of Toniná (which means stone houses in the Tzendal language), near Ocozingo, about 80 miles south from Palenque. It is a slab of a hard calcareous stone, 26 by 17 inches, and 6 inches in thickness. On one side is seen in low relief a partially effaced figure with an ornate feather and headdress, and remains of a row of small hieroglyphical tablets. Signs of blue



and red color show that it once was painted. The other side is better preserved. We see here twenty tablets, each being a group of various elementary figures. Many of them have at the side or at the top bars and dots, which we know are numerical signs, a dot signifying a unit, a bar, the number five. We recognize among the figures on these tablets many of those in Catherwood's and Waldeck's drawings of the Palenque ruins, and, considering the natural difference between the Lapidary style in stone sculptures, and the cursive manner of handwriting or painting, we find them also corresponding with characters in the three mentioned manuscripts. Our drawing shows the stone in one-eighth of its natural size.

#### BEFORE THE PENALTY.

WILLIAM FOSTER was hanged in the Tombs on the morning of March 21st, for the murder of Avery D. Putnam on the evening of April 26th, 1871. The yard in which the gallows stood was occupied by a large crowd of those who had received invitations to witness the execution. About 9 a.m., Mr. Sheriff Brennan gave the signal to proceed to the place of execution, and the procession moved, headed by Sheriff Brennan and Under-sheriff Stevens, leading the doomed man between them. Rev. Messrs. Tyng and Schoonmaker followed, and the Deputy-sheriffs brought up the rear.

At twelve minutes past nine, William Foster stood beneath the drop, as seen in our illustration. Dr. Tyng stood on his right, Dr. Schoonmaker on his left.

Dr. Tyng read the burial service, and Dr. Schoonmaker the responses. Foster, with his right hand, clutched the lapel of his coat, with his left he covered his eyes, and his head drooped in agony.

Mr. Brennan had to request the reverend gentlemen to shorten the service, and Dr. Tyng closed as follows: "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee; the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace both now and evermore."

"Amen," Foster repeated mechanically, though inaudibly, and it was repeated mentally by every person in the yard. A few minutes later the weight fell, and Foster died.

The small picture shows the three iron weights, of about three hundred pounds, which were attached to the end of the halter hidden behind the screen. When cut adrift, they fell several feet, and the doomed shot upward, and the law was vindicated.

#### THE LATE CHARLES GOODRICH.

ANOTHER terrible death, invested with the deepest mystery, was discovered early on the morning of the 21st inst., in the dining-room of No. 731 Degraw Street, Brooklyn, the victim being Mr. Charles Goodrich, a citizen of reputed wealth, and brother of ex-Assemblyman William W. Goodrich. The house is the third in a row of seven new brown-stone residences which had been erected by the unfortunate man, and was but partially furnished.

Charles Goodrich was a widower, forty-two years of age, and had been living alone in the house for some time. His brother William was in the habit of calling upon him every morning, and when on Friday he found the house closed and no signs of his brother's presence therein, he became alarmed. Passing to the roof, through an adjoining house, he forced an entrance through the scuttle and instituted a thorough search. The bedroom appeared as if it had been unoccupied the previous night, and this heightened the mystery. Proceeding down-stairs, he found the door of the dining-room locked, and the key missing. Passing through the kitchen, he was horrified to see the remains of his brother lying upon the floor, with a pool of blood about the head. The body was dressed, the underclothing being clean and the shirt-bosom with scarcely a wrinkle. The head rested upon a pair of clean boots, which seemed to have been carelessly thrown down near the fireplace. The blood had soaked through the carpet and boots; a large clot lay upon the marble slab in front of the grate, and a long mark, as if from trickling, on the face of the slate border near the floor. The body lay stretched out at full length, the hands open and in an easy position on each side, and a seven-barrel Allen revolver, belonging to the deceased, alongside. There was a bullet-hole on the left temple, the surrounding flesh being blackened with powder, as if the revolver had been placed close to the head, and a sharp, deep incision of the right eyebrow. The watch-pocket was empty and torn; the gold sleeve-buttons and bosom-studs had not been removed; his pocket-book was gone. One finger was marked by the impression of a seal ring, which could not be found.

The room was sparsely furnished, and contained only an extension-table, a rocking-chair, and two cane chairs. The coal-scuttle stood at the left of the fireplace, the shovel standing against the slate facing. Upon the mantel-piece were two lamps, a small piece of heavy looking-glass, a newspaper, and a collection of keys. On the right of the fireplace were two wooden steps intended for a stoop, on which was a copy of a New York paper of the previous evening. The clothes-closet in the corner was locked and the key missing. In the kitchen was a towel, still wet and bloody, hanging on a nail. On examining the windows, one of the lower panes nearest the sink was found broken, and the sashes bruised as if an attempt had been made to shift the catch by a knife. Another mystery appeared here—the heavy shutters were closed and fastened on the inside; all signs of their having been opened, either from the inside or outside, were absent. After assuring himself that no person was in the house, Mr. Goodrich informed the police authorities, and a more thorough investigation began. The key of the dining-room door was found in a barrel of apples up-stairs; that of the closet being missing, the door was forced open, but everything within appeared in good order—the clothing regularly disposed on the pegs, and the other articles undisturbed. Signs of a struggle having accompanied the mysterious death, or of an attempt at robbery in any part of the house, could not be discovered.

Mr. Goodrich's theory is that some person or persons entered the house to rob his brother, as it was thought he had in his possession a large amount of money, the proceeds of a sale of one of his houses; and that, disturbed by the noise, his brother came down-stairs, pistol in hand, when he was assaulted, receiving a stunning blow over the right eye, and immediately after a bullet from the revolver. Others incline to the opinion that it was a case of suicide, and consider that the deceased had made the most systematic arrangements for his sudden "taking off," when discovered, the face had been carefully washed, and the hair brushed neatly, after being moistened with water. A quite clean paper collar was on the body. If a suicide, the victim must have risen early, washed himself, put on clean clothes, went into the dining-room, and, firing the revolver, fell over, his head striking the lower corner of the fireplace slate, thus producing the gash over the right eye. The fact that the vicinity of the bullet-hole was covered with powder would prove the muzzle of the pistol to have been held close to the head. How the window-sash was mutilated, the glass broken, and the keys abstracted, when the entire house appeared perfectly secure, are queries to be hereafter determined. The shirt-bosom was without a wrinkle, which would not have been the case if a struggle had ensued during the attack. It is supposed the murder took place as soon as he reached the dining-room, for the shirt was free from blood, and but little gore visible on the face. It certainly appears singular that the alleged murderer could have stopped to wash the face, comb the hair, and dress the body in a clean shirt before leaving the house. Against the theory of suicide is the fact that the deceased was in good circumstances, and engaged in preparing one of his dwellings as a residence for his father and mother. On examining the body, the Coroner found three bullets in the head, again dispelling the idea of suicide. In whatever light the case is viewed, it is exceedingly mysterious.

#### GUNS VERSUS TURRETS.

A MOST important experimental trial between guns and armor took place recently at Portland, England; and, as for years past every addition to the defensive power of ships has been neutralized by successive improvements in guns, the result was looked forward to with much interest in this country as well as in Europe. Armor was triumphant, for the tower or turret of the *Gladdon*, at a distance of 200 yards, perfectly withstood the mass of 600 pounds of iron and steel that was hurled against it. We give a diagram showing the effect of the shot, and tracing the course of the rent. America would do well to imitate Great Britain in this respect, and experiment constantly with her guns and her ships, to ascertain what stuff they are made of, and find out, before it is too late, whether they are equal to the emergency.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Coal famine.

The people of Nottingham demonstrated against the terribly high price of coal, on Monday evening, February 24th, by forming a procession of some 8,000 or 10,000 men, women, and children, which was headed in the proper manner illustrated in our engraving. The inscription on the banner was: "Starvation! Beware of coal-owners at the next election!" Marching through

the streets of Nottingham, those thousands of the poorer classes represented the great feeling of indignation which animates the masses throughout England. Some of their stricken brethren in London may have had their hearts frozen into stillness through lack of coal, as the sad record of Dr. Lankester's inquest bears witness. All the more reason is there, then, for Londoners to join in the cry which went up in the Nottingham market-place—the cry against the inhumanity of the money-grubbers, who have raised the price of fuel so exorbitantly, and the cry to Parliament to hasten the inquiry into this bitter coal question.

#### Spain—The New Régime—Scene before the Cortes.

This illustration depicts a scene in the streets of Madrid on the afternoon of the 10th of February, when Figueras, mounted on a window-sill outside the Chamber of Deputies, announced to the crowd that the Republican cause must triumph. When King Amadeus resolved to abdicate his crown, it would appear that he did not leave Spain absolutely without arrangements for her future government. The insults and humiliations to which he had been subjected for two years having been instigated principally by the partisans of the various Royalist pretenders to the throne, he turned to the Republican chiefs, who had treated him with comparative civility, not because they loved him, but because they plainly perceived that the Savoy dynasty had no root in the country, and would speedily wither away. The King gave them three days' warning of his intentions, the Conservative chiefs being thus taken by surprise. Moreover, the temper of the army was a question of great uncertainty, so that when the King formally resigned, the Cortes had really no alternative except the Republic and Civil War.

##### A Kermesse at Haarlem, Holland.

Our picture represents the booth of a female vender of fritters at Haarlem, Holland, during the Kermesse, or feast, in which the staid Hollanders annually indulge, by way of relaxation and recreation. But Dutch festivals and feasts, like everything else in Holland, are very quiet affairs compared with similar events in other countries. They are not accompanied by balls or by games of chance, and the pleasure—the dissipation, if you like—consists in promenading past a double row of booths kept in admirable order, and making a beautiful display of everything conceivable, and in smoking. In Holland everybody, even the gamins—not alone the street-gamins—smokes. The fair fritter-vender shown in our engraving is evidently a good cook—not a rare thing in Holland—for her fritters disappear into the mouths of her hungry and delighted customers—a Dutch fritter being a delicious morsel—as fast as she can make them. The keepers of these booths, with rare exceptions, dress with great taste, and some with great elegance. They are not all professionals. Some ladies of good families frequently assume the rôle of marchande during the festival, and lay it aside when they put away their booths and utensils.

#### The Colliery Explosion in North Staffordshire—Return of a Volunteer.

Talk of the Hill, with its peculiar name, gained a fearful notoriety about six years ago. The pit was then a new one, and one of the seams contained a noted gas coal, the getting of which was attended with extreme danger. About noon on the 13th of December, 1866, the people living near the pit felt the shock as of an earthquake. Immediately flames burst from one of the shafts, and blackened pieces of timber were hurled forth. Eighty persons perished in this dreadful accident. Another explosion, which was providentially less destructive of life, only about a score of victims being sacrificed, took place in the same pit on Tuesday, February 18th. The explosion occurred in what is known as the 8-foot Banbury seam, which is about 350 yards deep. At a quarter to two the bankman at the mouth of the Bucksand shaft heard a sharp report below, and presently a cloud of coal-dust and rubbish rushed up the downcast shaft. As it was plain that something serious had occurred, the manager of the pit, accompanied by some volunteers, went down. They were at first driven back by the poisonous gas, but afterward were enabled to get down in safety. The workmen in the upper seam were found to be uninjured, except that some of them were dangerously affected by the gas. But in the lower seam the explosive gas had rushed along, carrying all before it, the passage was blocked with debris, and all the persons working there, eighteen in number, had perished. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by the firing of a shot for blasting purposes; but as the man who fired the shot was among the dead, there can be no certainty on this point. Our illustration shows the return of a volunteer from this hazardous service.

##### A London Dust Yard.

This picture represents a yard in one of those out-of-the-way places in London, such as Dickens described in "Our Mutual Friend," where old Harmon stored up mountains of seeming rubbish, with an enormous money value. In a regular London dust-yard it is the work of several women, girls and boys to sift the ashes from the cinders and small coal, separating them at the same time from cabbage-stalks and potato-parings, broken glass and potsherds, which are taken out by the hand tossed aside. Shovels, baskets, sieves and wheelbarrows are busily plied in this humble service by the diligent females employed, who wear stout aprons of leather or sackcloth, often with men's jackets over their shoulders, and sometimes indulge themselves with a pipe of tobacco. It is not very nice work, but much better than starving, or begging, or being dishonest and idle.

#### Weighing Machine in the Bank of England.

We give elsewhere a picture of the Bank Parlor. The subject of this is the machine used at the Weighing Office, established in 1842, to detect light gold. A number of sovereigns at once are here placed indiscriminately in successive contact with a delicate apparatus. They receive a slight touch from the mechanism, just enough to thrust those which are light into a separate receptacle, while those of full weight descend to their proper place. This machine can weigh 35,000 in a day, and there are several machines at the Bank. All the light coins are defaced by another machine, and are then kept as bullion.

#### Expulsion of Mgr. Mermillod from Switzerland.

The differences which have for a long time past existed between the Catholic clergy and the Swiss Government were recently brought to a very unexpected culmination by the expulsion from Geneva, and from Switzerland, of Mgr. Mermillod, the eminent Catholic priest, Curate of Geneva, and Vicar Apostolic of Switzerland. The decree of expulsion against the reverend gentleman was pronounced in the sitting of the Council of the 17th of February last, and was served on him at his residence by M. Coulin, the prefect of police, who also notified him that it was his painful duty to see the decree carried into effect, and to escort him to the frontier, which was done. This is the scene represented in our engraving. Mgr. Mermillod crossed the frontier at Ferney, and, getting out, he turned so as to face Switzerland, and blessed the Canton of Geneva. The decree is very severely criticised, even in Switzerland, and many think it premature and even unjust.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has rejected seven claims of railway companies for refunding, amounting in all to \$363,500.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is nominated for the Mayoralty of Topeka, Kan.

HALF a mile of cars constituted one train on the Pacific Railway lately.

COLONEL TOM SCOTT is said to control \$670,000 worth of railways.

BISHOP COLENSO's "Elementary Algebra" has circulated 180,000 copies.

THE Messrs. Baring have sent an agent to examine the copper deposits of Florida.

KAIER WILHELM is expected to attend the Czar's birthday party, at St. Petersburg, on the 29th of April.

MASSACHUSETTS constables have taken to closing bakeries on Sunday, to the great consternation of the people.

THE preliminary inquiry touching Marshal Bazaine is concluded, and his friends are now allowed to visit him.

THE Czar has appointed the Grand Duke Michael Commander-in-Chief of the entire Russian artillery forces.

THE Pope has congratulated a number of the Pontifical Zouaves from Canada on the steadfastness of their faith.

THE Massachusetts House of Representatives have declined to expunge the resolutions of censure on Senator Sumner.

A BROTHER of Dr. Livingstone was a heavy loser by a recent fire in Listowel, Canada, where he was engaged in business.

CHARLES B. CUTLER, of Warren, has been nominated for Governor of Rhode Island by the Democratic State Convention.

M. BECLARD has been elected perpetual Secretary of the Paris Academy of Medicine, vice M. Du Bois d'Amiens, deceased.

MR. JAMES L. ORR, Minister of the United States to Russia, was received by the Czar recently, and presented his credentials.

A COLORED delegation from Baltimore marched upon the President to secure the retention of John Thomas as Collector of that port.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has accepted the Protectorate of the Hospice to be built near Jerusalem by the Knights of Malta.

THE continued preaching of Father Hyacinthe in Geneva, Switzerland, is causing increased excitement, and he finds still greater success.

MR. BERGH's Cruelty to Animals Bill has been killed in the Assembly, together with the Bill Exempting Bonds and Mortgages from Taxation.

At a meeting of the creditors of Bowles Brothers & Co., held in Boston, H. J. Stevens, of that city, was elected assignee. Claims representing \$150,000 were filed.

THE State Senate has before it a Bill transferring all the powers and duties of the Quarantine Commission to the Comptroller, State Engineer, Surveyor and Treasurer.

THE opening of the Spring Exhibition of the Art Association of Brooklyn took place lately, and was as successful and enjoyable as these occasions usually are in our sister city.

DR. DEEMS authorizes the announcement, that Commodore Vanderbilt has given \$500,000 to Bishop McTear, of the Southern Methodist Church, to establish a university in Tennessee.

ALEXANDER H. RICE having declined the appointment of Commissioner from Massachusetts to the Vienna Exposition, the Governor has selected Charles Francis Adams, Jr., for the office.

PRESIDENT GRANT has appointed to cadetships at West Point, Charles G. Healey, who served as a drummer-boy during the civil war, and John F. Landis, a nephew of the late General J. F. Reynolds.

THE widow of Horatio Ames is suing her brothers-in-law, Oakes and Oliver, for \$50,000, said to have been received from the Navy Department on behalf of her late husband, and illegally retained by them.

THE Russian society for attending on sick and wounded soldiers has dispatched two physicians and several surgeons to accompany the Khivan expedition, well supplied with medicines and surgical appliances.

THE three shabbily dressed men who were believed by the London police to be Americans and frauds, and who were arrested by them, were discharged recently, there being no evidence to sustain either charge.

THE Town Council of Cologne has this year, for the first time in more than six centuries, disallowed the usual grant out of the city treasury toward the expense of the public processions on Corpus Christi Day.

THE annual budget, presented by the Minister of Finance to the National Assembly of France, shows that no loan will be required to complete the payments of the German war indemnity at the time named by the convention.

MR. WILLIAM H. WEST, late Chief Clerk of the Treasury, died recently. He had been in the Treasury since 1837, and was appointed Chief Clerk by Secretary McCulloch, and transferred to another office in the Department by Mr. Boutwell.

F. A. SAWYER, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Bolton, Worcester County, Mass., in 1822, and graduated at Harvard in 1844. It is stated that he has some family relationship with Judge Richardson, the present Secretary.

OF the persons appointed by President Grant to represent New York State at the Vienna Exhibition, Messrs. Douglas Taylor and Jackson S. Schultz have expressed their determination to accept the appointment, and will shortly proceed to Vienna.

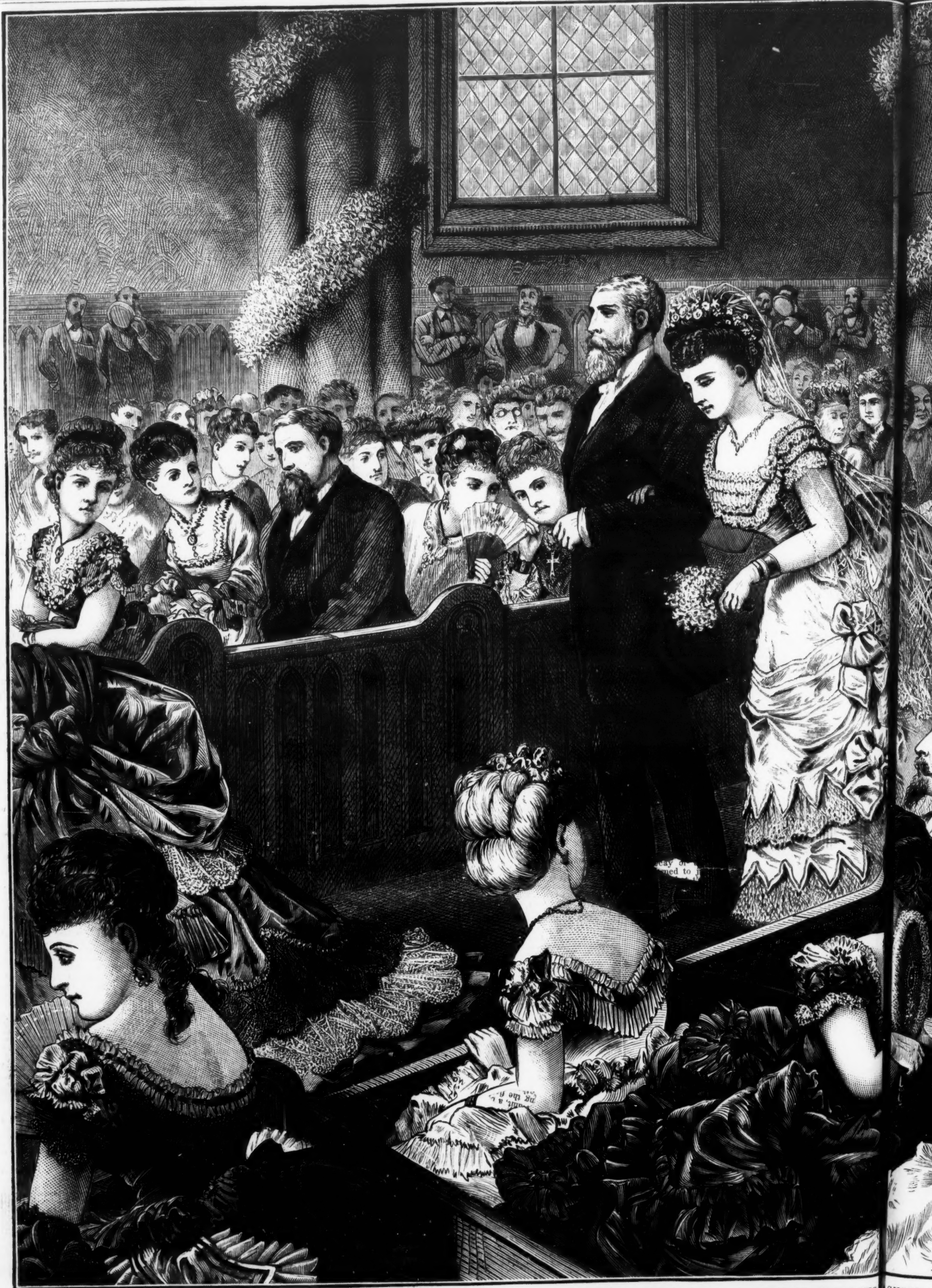
It is reported that Sedan is to remain a fortified city. Five detached forts will be constructed, one on Mont Plot, directly opposite to Douaumont, one on the heights of Marfée, one near Moncelle, one on Floing orilly, and the fifth on Mont d'Ige, where the Army of Sedan was taken prisoner.

SEVEN of the jurors in the Foster case made affidavits that they would never have believed him guilty of murder in the first degree, had they not believed their recommendation to mercy would have secured a commutation to imprisonment for life, but he has nevertheless expiated his crime on the scaffold.

THE Rev. C. H. Laverdiere, Librarian of Laval University, Quebec, and an historical writer of eminence in his province, died recently at Quebec. He edited a complete series of "Champlain's Voyages," and the "Journal of the Superiors of the Jesuits in Canada," and was also the editor of the late Abbé Ferland's "History of Canada," which he completed from the notes of his deceased friend.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war there were 1,599 encounters involving loss of life. The total number of Germans killed, wounded and missing amounted to 127,897. Of these, there were killed in action 17,572; those who died afterward from their wounds numbered 10,710; from sickness, 12,253; from accidents, 316; from suicide, 30; the total number who died being thus 40,861, including 1,534 officers.





NEW YORK CITY.—A RECENT WEDDING FASHIONA  
DRAWN BY SEE PAGE





...FASHIONABLE CHURCH ON FIFTH AVENUE.  
...SEE PAGE 63.



## SONG.

O! had I but a fairy's wand  
To rule o'er hapless sons of clay,  
I'd use it with a despot's hand  
To chase all evil things away.  
I'd turn the poor man's pence to gold,  
I'd move the veil from sordid eyes,  
And all the wide world should behold  
The falsehood that in riches lies.

Oh! had I but a fairy's wand,  
I'd give to every child of song,  
Neglected by his native land,  
The riches that to worth belong.  
I'd tear the mask from beauty's cheek,  
I'd guide the wayward steps of youth,  
And lips that now but falsehood speak,  
Should whisper vows of love and truth.

# INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY  
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Ralegh Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

## CHAPTER XIII.—CONSULTATIONS.

THE commotion produced in the Elms by the above event was very great. It affected everybody, from Mrs. Eastwood down to the kitchen-maid. Frederick was the least moved of all. He intimated that Molyneux was all right, seeing that he had a father before him; that he wondered at Nelly's taste, but supposed it was her own lookout. He made this speech rather disagreeable to his sister from the little shrug of the shoulders with which he announced his surprise at her taste; but otherwise he was friendly enough. Dick said little, but he walked round her with a certain serious investigation in the intervals of his studies.

"You look exactly as you did yesterday; I can't see any difference," said Dick. "Why don't you put on another kind of gown, or pin Molyneux's card on you, to show you are disposed of?" To this, however, Nelly paid no more attention than she did to the comments of Winks, who came and wagged his tail at her in a knowing, good-humored sort of way. When Molyneux came to see Mrs. Eastwood next morning, Winks met him at the door, escorted him to the dining-room, where he was to have his audience, and then trotted in on three legs to where Nelly was sitting, and wagged his tail confidentially.

Nelly did not sit in awful suspense while her lover was unfolding himself to her mother. She knew that mother well enough to be sure that nothing untoward would come in the course of her true love. They had a long conversation in the dining-room, longer, perhaps, than Nelly approved. Mr. Molyneux had a great deal to say to Mrs. Eastwood. No one could be less disposed to "repent at leisure" after the hot haste of his declaration, but yet it is very probable, had he had time to think, that he would have decided on the prudence of waiting longer. When it occurred to him that he must tell Mrs. Eastwood that he was earning nothing, but lived on the allowance his father gave him, it made the young man uncomfortably hot and nervous. He avoided the mother's eye as he told this part of the story, dwelling much upon what he would do in the future, and his eagerness to provide for Nelly "all the comforts she had been used to."

Mrs. Eastwood knew enough about the world to shake her head at this. She was very well inclined to Molyneux, both for his own sake and for Nelly's. He was good-looking, well-mannered, and always nicely behaved to herself. And his connections were all that could be wished. Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., who was going to be Mr. Justice Molyneux at the very first vacancy, was perfectly satisfactory as a father-in-law for Nelly, and would secure for Nelly's family a comfortable certainty of being well-lawyered all their lives. And they were "nice people;" there was, on the whole, nothing in the world to be said against Mrs. Molyneux, Ernest's mother, or the Misses Molyneux, his sisters.

"Nelly has five thousand pounds," she said, "but with my boys to place out in the world, I shall not be able to give her any more, and that is not much to depend upon. And, as a matter of principle, I don't like to see young people depending upon allowances from their fathers and mothers—unless it might be an eldest son, with landed property coming to him."

Molyneux was rather surprised at this display of wisdom. He thought some one must have put it into her head.

"I am afraid you will think I have been premature," he said. "The fact is, I should have made my way first before I ventured—but then, Mrs. Eastwood, you must make allowances for me, and recollect that to see Nelly often, and yet to continue quite prudent and master of myself—"

"But you need not have seen Nelly quite so often," said Mrs. Eastwood with a smile.

"Supposing I had staid away, what should you have thought of me? That I was a despicable fellow, laying myself out to please her, and then running away when I thought I had gone too far?"

"I don't think I should have thought anything of the kind," said Mrs. Eastwood, in that easy way which is so disconcerting to people who feel that the eyes of the world ought to be upon them. "I should have thought you were occupied, or had other engagements. Indeed, until Nelly told me last night, I never had distinctly identified you as being fond of her, Mr. Molyneux. No doubt it was my stupidity, but I should not have remarked it; I don't know whether she might have done so."

Molyneux felt considerably crushed by this calm and tolerant judgment, but he went on:

"You may be sure this state of things won't last," he said; "I have a motive now, and I shall set to work. Of course I cannot press for an early marriage, as I should otherwise have done had I been wise, and made my preparations first—"

"No, of course not," said Mrs. Eastwood. This gave her great pleasure, practically, but theoretically I am obliged to confess that she half despised her future son-in-law for his philosophy. It was quite right, and relieved her mind from a load.

"You will not oppose me?" said Molyneux, taking her hand; "you will be a good mother to me, and let me see Nelly? You won't keep me at arm's length?"

"No," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I won't keep you at arm's length, for that would be to punish Nelly; but I think you should not have spoken till your prospects were a little more clear."

"They are clear enough," said the anxious lover. "It is only that I have been idle, and wanted energy; but now no man can have a stronger motive—"

Mrs. Eastwood shook her head again, but she smiled likewise, and gave him her hand, and even permitted a filial salute, which reddened her comely

cheek, and softened her heart to Nelly's betrothed. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was permissible for a man to be imprudent.

Molyneux spent the rest of the day in and about the Elms, appearing and disappearing, hanging about Nelly, disturbing all the household arrangements, and communicating to the visitors premature information as to what had happened. Mrs. Barclay ran in "just for a moment," as she said, to beg Nelly to go with her next day to a Horticultural Show, and "finish what you have begun, you little puss," she whispered in the girl's ear. "What have I done?" Nelly asked, bewildered, while Molyneux, without any assignable reason, was so rude as to burst out laughing in his enjoyment of the joke. He put Mrs. Barclay into her carriage as if he had been the son of the house, she said, afterward, a proceeding which sent her away with a certain vague disquiet and resentment, though of course, as she allowed, she had no right to interfere. Major Railton, too, when he called about the plumber's work, was infinitely disgusted to find Molyneux there, and to leave him there, when, after long waiting, he was obliged to relinquish the hope of out-staying his rival.

"I must go," he said, at length, in tart and ill-tempered tones, "for, alas! I am not so lucky as you young fellows with nothing to do. I have my duties to attend to."

This was a poisoned arrow, and struck the whole happy group, mother, daughter, and lover, with equal force.

"I am sure, Major Railton, you are an example to us all," said Mrs. Eastwood; "always so ready to serve others, and yet with so much of your own work to do. But I hope Mr. Molyneux has his duties, too."

"Yes, I have my duties," said the lover, in his insolent happiness turning a beaming countenance upon the unsuccessful one. It was growing dark, and he was so impatient as to give a little twitch to Nelly's sleeve in the obscurity, under Major Railton's very eyes; who did not, indeed, see this flaunting in his face of his adversary's banner, but felt that there was some bond unexplained which joined the three before him in a common cause. He went away in a state of irritation for which he could not have given any just reason, and tore the plumber's estimate to pieces when he emerged from the shrubbery in front of the Elms. Mrs. Eastwood had not taken kindly even to his plumber. She had stood by a certain old Slater, an old jobbing Scotsman, for whom she had a national partiality.

"Why should I bother myself about their concerns? Let them get Molyneux to look after things," the major said to himself, with scorn that transcended all other expression; and he laughed what is sometimes described in literature as a "hollow laugh" of bitterness and sarcasm.

It had been resolved in the family that nothing was to be said about the engagement for the present, as it would in all probability be a long one; and this was how they began to carry out their resolution. I do not need to add that the servants knew it the first evening, and had already settled where the young people were to live, and what sort of an establishment they would keep up. Winks, too, was aware of the fact from the first, and, as I have said, was confidentially humorous about it with Nelly, and kept up her courage during the interview between her mother and her lover.

On Saturday, which was the day following, Jenny came up from Eton to spend the Sunday with his adoring family. Jenny was extremely unlike his name—a big and bony boy of sixteen, promising to be the biggest of the family, though neither Frederick nor Dick were short. He had big joints and long limbs, and red wrists and prodigious knuckles projecting from the short sleeve of his coat. But notwithstanding so many appearances against him, he was the most intellectual of Mrs. Eastwood's sons—a "sap" at school, and addicted to reading away from school, a fashion of Eton boy with which the world is not familiar. By way of making up for this, he was somewhat rough in his manners, and great in such exercises as demanded strength rather than skill. He was tremendous at football, though no one gave him the credit for clever play; and though his "form" was bad, and precluded all hope of "the boats," he could carry a skiff along at a pace which no one could keep up with, and against the stream was the greatest oar of his years afloat on the Thames.

Jenny was not yet a "swell," but he was in a fair way for being a swell—a title which at Eton bears a very different meaning from its meaning elsewhere. But he was very good to his family when he went home, and tolerant of their ignorance. Jenny's name in the school list was all starred and ribboned, so to speak, with unknown orders of merit, such as the profane eye comprehends not. He had a big Roman letter before his name, and a little Greek one after it, and a double number after that—mystic signs of honors which the Eton man understands, but which I will not attempt to explain. Jenny was not emotional. He shook hands with his brother-in-law who was to be with extreme composure.

"I suppose they have told you," said Mr. Molyneux, good-humoredly permuting himself to be inspected by this big boy.

"Yes; they have told me," said Jenny; "but I knew you before."

"You did not know me in my present capacity," said Molyneux; "and I don't quite see why you should have been told. You would never have found out."

"Oh! shouldn't I?" said Jenny. "Last time I was at home, I said, 'He's going to be Mr. Nelly, that fellow'—didn't I, mamma? Of course you are Mr. Nelly. Women don't get half justice in this world. I like her better than you, as a matter of course; so that's your distinction to me."

"Jenny goes in for Women's Rights," said his mother, with a smile.

"Of course I do. I'm a woman's son; oughtn't I to stand up for them? If you mean to tell me old Brownlow there has more sense than my mother, I tell you you're a fool, that's all."

In point of negatives, boys, however learned in Greek and Latin, permit themselves occasionally, in English, a style of their own.

"I don't want a vote, you silly boy," said Mrs. Eastwood.

"You may please yourself about that; but it's a disgrace to England that you shouldn't have it if you like," cried the young politician, hotly. And then he sunk suddenly from this lofty elevation, and asked, "Where's the other girl?"

"Do you mean Innocent?"

"I mean her, if that's her name," said the boy, coloring slightly. "Don't she stay with the rest of us? Ain't you good to her? Where has she gone?"

"We are as good as we know how to be," said Mrs. Eastwood. "We don't know what to make of her, Jenny. She does not care for Nelly and me. We have tried to coax her, and we have tried to scold her; but she will stay by herself. She comes down when the bell rings, and she speaks when she is spoken to—that is all; and I am at my wit's end what to do."

"But that is everything a woman ought to be," said Molyneux. "Isn't there a proverb about being seen and not heard, etc.? What a difference from some people! When I came in to-day, the

first thing I heard was some one singing up-stairs—singing so that I felt inclined to dance. I suppose it was not this Innocent?"

"It must be your fault," said Jenny, seriously, taking no notice of this interpellation.

"My fault, Jenny!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, getting red; and then she paused and subdued her tones. "Do you know, dear, I often think it must be. But what can I do?" she said, humbly. "I try talking to her, and that fails; and then I try taking no notice. Yes, Jenny, I believe you are right. If I could love her heartily—right out, as I love Nelly—"

"That's unreasonable," said Jenny. "You can't do that, because, you see, we love Nelly by instinct—not for anything in her. She's not bad, for a girl; but if she were as disagreeable as an old cat, still we should have instinct to fall back upon. You have no instinct in respect to the other girl."

"What an odd boy you are," said Mrs. Eastwood, half affronted, half laughing; "and yet I believe there's something in it. But I do blame myself. I want to be kind, very kind to her; whereas, you know, if I had not been kind to her, but only had loved her once, I should have done better, I am sure. As for girls being seen and not heard, I don't think it applies to their families, Mr. Molyneux. It is all very well out in the world—"

"Out in the world one would rather they did say something now and then," said Molyneux. "It may be good, but it is dull. We are in a new cycle of opinion, and don't think as our grandfathers did. At the domestic hearth it might be very nice to have some one who would only speak when he was spoken to. There would be no quarrels then, Nelly—no settings up of independent judgment—no saying, 'Hold your tongue, sir'—"

"That ought to be said, however, sometimes," said Nelly, making a little moue.

"The question is, has she anything to say?" said Jenny. "I have felt myself, sometimes, What is the good of talking? I don't blame you for not being fond of her, mother; for that, I suppose, you could not help. But she should not be left to go about like a ghost. I don't believe in ghosts," said the youth, propping himself up against the mantelpiece; "they are generally deceptions, or else it is quite impossible to prove them. But when I saw that girl, I thought she was one. Her face is a face out of a picture; I saw it once at the Louvre, the year we were abroad. And she has something queer in her eyes, and she glides as if she had not any feet. Altogether she is queer. Don't she take to anybody in the house?"

"She is fond of Frederick, I think," said Mrs. Eastwood, faltering.

Jenny formed his lips into the appearance of "Whew!" He was taken by surprise.

"Fond of Frederick, and not care for them!" he said to himself, under his breath; this was a very curious indication of character. I am not sure that Jenny did not think, like most other human creatures, that it was possible, his own attractions and influence might "bring out" Innocent. He gave her a considerable share of his attention that evening, and kept his eyes upon her. He was a theoretical sort of boy, and had read a great deal of modern poetry, and liked to think that he could analyze character like Mr. Browning. He tried to throw himself so strongly into her position that he should see the workings of her mind, and why she looked like a ghost. How Jenny succeeded in this noble pursuit of his will be seen hereafter. It occupied his mind very much all that Sunday, during which Nelly and young Molyneux were still in the ascendant, though the first novelty of their glory was beginning to fade.

## CHAPTER XIV.—A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

THE course of Nelly's true love did not, however, run so absolutely smooth as might have been supposed from this beginning. Her own family received it, as has been recorded, as a matter concerning Nelly's happiness, with little of those grave considerations about means and money which generally attend the formation of such contracts. The other side cared nothing about Nelly's happiness, and not very much for her lover's—it concerned itself with things much more important, with the fact that five thousand pounds was but a small sum to pay for the honor of being daughter-in-law to Mr. Molyneux, Q.C., and that Ernest might have done better. And though Elinor Eastwood was of better blood than the Molyneuxes, and better connections, and really possessed something of her own, whereas her lover had nothing, his friends did not hesitate to say among themselves that Mrs. Eastwood had long had her eye upon him, that the Eastwoods had "made a dead set at him." This was the way in which the matter was regarded by Ernest's family, who were very much like other people, neither better nor worse. They had not a word to say against Nelly, but were convinced she "had made a dead set at him."

A whole week passed before the Molyneuxes took any notice, and then it was announced to Mrs. Eastwood that the head of the house, the future Judge, was to call upon her before he went to his chambers in the morning. Mrs. Eastwood had been put upon her dignity by this treatment of her, and though she had allowed Ernest to come to the Elms constantly, her manner had become a little colder to him. This made Nelly unhappy, who hung about her mother with appealing eyes.

"But you like Ernest? You are sure you like him?" she would ask ten times a day.

"I have nothing to say against Ernest. It is his family, who are not acting as we have a right to expect of them," answered her mother; and she received with great gravity the announcement of Mr. Molyneux's intended visit.

The dining-room was Mrs. Eastwood's business room, where she transacted all her more important affairs. There is something in the uncompromising character of a dining-room which suits business; the straight-backed chairs, the severe square rectangular lines of the table, the sideboard ponderous and heavy, tons of solid mahogany—even the pictures on the walls, which were all portraits, and of a gravely severe aspect—made it an appropriate state chamber for great occasions.

When Mr. Molyneux was ushered in, he found Mrs. Eastwood seated on a hard chair before the table, with a large inkstand and all her housekeeping books before her. He was amused by the pose, being clever enough to perceive that it, at least, was not quite genuine, but he lacked the power to go further, and immediately made a vulgar estimate of her, such as vulgar-minded men invariably make of women whose youth and good looks are waning. Mr. Molyneux was a great speaker, a powerful pleader, but a vulgar-minded man notwithstanding. He was loosely made and loosely dressed, with a certain largeness and breadth about him which impressed his hearers as if it had been a moral quality—and his face was loquacious, especially the mouth, which had large lips, and lines about them bearing token of perpetual motion. These lips, and the peculiar way in which, in repose, they closed upon each other, were enough to prove to any spectator that his powers of speech were not to be despised. It was not an eloquent mouth. There is a great difference between powerful lo-

quacity and real eloquence. He was not eloquent. A lofty subject would have disconcerted him, and when he attempted to treat an ordinary subject in a lofty way, his grandeur became bathos, and called forth laughter when tears were intended. But he was tremendously fluent, and he was popular. He did almost what he liked with the ordinary British jury, and his name in a bad case was almost as good as a verdict of acquittal.

When this man was ushered in by Brownlow, Mrs. Eastwood momentarily felt her courage fail her. She knew him but slightly, and had never come into much personal contact with him, and she had that natural respect, just touched by a little dread for him, which women often entertain for men of public eminence who have gained for themselves a prominent place in the world. Nor did he do anything to diminish her agitation. He looked at her with cool gray eyes which twinkled from the folds and layers of eyelids that surrounded them, and with a half sarcastic smile on his face; and he called her "ma'am," as he was in the habit of doing when he meant to bully a female witness. Mrs. Eastwood, striving vaguely against the feeling, felt as if she too was going to be cross-examined and to commit herself, which was not a comfortable frame of mind.

"So our children, ma'am, have been making fools of themselves!" he said, with a twinkle of his eyes, after the preliminary observations about her health and the weather were over. He followed the words with a chuckle at the folly of the idea; and Mrs. Eastwood, who was anxiously determined to fill the part "mere noble," was taken aback, and scarcely knew what to reply.

"They have taken a step," she said, "which must very seriously affect their happiness—"

"Just so," said Mr. Molyneux, "and you and I must see what can be done about it. Ernest is not a bad fellow, ma'am, but he is sadly imprudent. He plunges into a step like this, without ever thinking what is to come of it. I suppose he has told you what his circumstances are?"

Mrs. Eastwood replied by a somewhat stiff inclination of her head.

"Precisely like him," said his father, chuckling. "Not a penny to bless himself with, nor the least idea where to find one; and accordingly he goes and proposes to a pretty girl, and makes up his mind, I suppose, to set up housekeeping directly—heaven help him!—upon nothing a year."

"This is not what he has said to me," said Mrs. Eastwood. "In the first place, though frankly avowing that he had nothing—beyond his allowance from you—I have understood from him that by greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession—"

Mrs. Eastwood was interrupted here by a low "Ho, ho, ho!" of laughter from her visitor—a very uncomfortable kind of interruption. To tell the truth, feeling that things were against her, and determined not to let down Nelly's dignity, she had taken refuge in a grandeur of expression which she herself was conscious might be beyond the subject. No woman likes to be laughed at; and Mrs. Eastwood grew twenty times more dignified, as she became aware of the levity with which the other parent treated the whole affair.

"Ho, ho, ho!" said Mr. Molyneux. "I beg your pardon, but Ernest is too great a wag to be resisted. Greater diligence in the pursuit of his profession! He ought to be made Lord Chancellor on the spot for that phrase. Are you aware, my dear ma'am, that he has never done anything, that boy of mine, in the pursuit of his profession, or otherwise, since he was born?"

"Am I to understand, Mr. Molyneux," said Mrs. Eastwood, slightly tremulous with offense and agitation, "that your object is to break off the engagement between my daughter and your son?"

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am—nothing of the sort," said Mr. Molyneux, cheerfully. "I have no objections to your daughter; and if it did not happen with her, it would happen with some one else. It is for both our interests, though, that they don't do anything foolish. What they intend is that we should pay the piper—"

"You must do me the favor to speak for yourself, and your son," said Mrs. Eastwood, with spirit. "My child has no such idea. She has never known anything about such calculations; and I am sure she will not begin now."

"I beg your pardon, and Miss Nelly's pardon," said the great man, with an amused look. "I did not mean to reflect upon any one. But if she has not begun yet, I fear she will soon begin when she is Ernest's wife. They can't help it, ma'am. I am not blaming them. Once they are married, they must live; they must have a house over their heads, and a dinner daily. I've no doubt Miss Nelly's an angel; but even an angel, when she has weekly bills coming in, and nothing to pay them with, will begin to scheme."

"Such a thing appears to me quite impossible," said Mrs. Eastwood, in a flutter of suppressed indignation, and then she added, pausing to recover herself: "I must say at once, Mr. Molyneux, that if this is the way in which you are disposed to look at the matter, I should prefer to end the discussion. My daughter's happiness is very dear to me; but her credit, and my own credit, ought to be still more dear—"

"My dear ma'am," cried Mr. Molyneux, "now, tell me, as a matter of curiosity, how your credit is concerned, or why you should be angry? My point of view is that, of course, the young people mean to get as much as they can out of us—"

"Perhaps you son does, sir!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, exasperated; "you ought to know him best."

"Of course, I know him best; and, of course, that is his object—to get as much as he can out of me," said Mr. Molyneux, pausing upon the pronoun. "Since you don't like it, I will leave the other side out of the question. I have known Ernest these eight and twenty years, and I ought to know what stuff he is made of. Now, as there are two parties to this bargain, we had better know exactly what we mean on either side. I did not want Ernest to marry now, and, in case he did marry, he ought to have looked higher. I don't mean to be unpleasant, but I should have liked him to look out—let us say, brutally—for more money. He has cost a deal of money in his day; and he ought to have brought in more. It is very likely, indeed, that your views were of a similar character. In that case, instead of wrangling, we ought to agree. Miss Nelly might have done better—"

"A great deal better," said the mother, firmly, and with decision.

"Exactly so. At bottom we mean the same thing, though I may speak too roughly; but, like a couple of young fools, they have gone and run their heads into a net. Privately, I admire your daughter very much," said Mr. Molyneux, with a certain oily change in his tone—a confession that the present subject under treatment was not to be bullied, but required more delicate dealing; "and though I say it that shouldn't, my son Ernest is a fine young fellow. They will make a handsome couple—just the kind of thing that would be delightful in a novel or in a poem—where they could live happy ever after, and never feel the want of money. But in this prosaic world things don't go on so comfortably. They have not a penny; that's the question that remains between you and me."

"Nelly has five thousand pounds; and he has—"



his profession," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a certain faltering in her voice.

"Well, well, well," said the wise man. "If we were all in a state of innocence, five thousand pounds would be something; and if we were a little wicked, his profession might count; but the world is not so litigious as might be desired. My son is too good to demean himself to criminal cases like that inconsiderable mortal, his father. And do you mean them to live in London, my dear ma'am, upon Miss Nelly's twopenny-halfpenny a year?"

"Indeed, I am not so foolish," cried Mrs. Eastwood; "besides thinking it wrong as a matter of principle. He must work, of course, before he can marry. He must have at least the prospect of a sufficient income before I should ever give my consent."

"A sufficient income earned by Ernest!" said Mr. Molyneux, with, again, that detestable "Ho, ho!" "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Eastwood; but when I see how that boy has imposed upon you! No—believe me, who know him better, that if anything is to come of it, it must be done by you and me."

"I do not understand, Mr. Molyneux—" "I quite believe it," he said, relapsing into carelessness just touched with contempt. "Ladies seldom understand such matters. If you will tell me the name of your solicitor, perhaps it would be better for me to talk the matter over with him."

"What is there to talk over?" said Mrs. Eastwood, once more roused into indignation. "I think, Mr. Molyneux, that we are speaking different languages. Nelly has her little fortune—as you know—and I am willing to allow her to wait till Ernest is in a position to claim her. I should not allow this without your approval, as his father. But as, so far, you have given your approval, what more does there remain to say?"

The great lawyer looked at his simple antagonist with a kind of stupefaction.

"We are, indeed, talking two different languages," he said. "Tell me who is your solicitor, my dear lady, and he and I will talk it over."

"In a matter so important," said Mrs. Eastwood, plucking firmness from the emergency, "I prefer to act for myself."

Perhaps, at this moment she achieved the greatest success of her life, though she did not know it. Mr. Molyneux was struck dumb. He stared at her, and he scratched his head like any bumpkin. He could not swear, nor storm, nor threaten, as he would sometimes do with the hapless people in the witness-box. He was obliged to be civil, and smooth-spoken, and to treat her with a certain degree of politeness; for, though he believed that Ernest might have done better, he had no desire to defy his son, who was, in his way, a formidable opponent, and he did not quite venture, knowing the sort of young man he had to deal with, to break off the match, or do anything violent tending that way.

"Then I must try what can be done by plainer language," he said, hiding his bewilderment under a specious appearance of candor. "We must throw away all circumlocution. Let us be reasonable. I will give my son so much a year, if you will give your daughter so much a year. That is what it comes to. If we do this, there may be some possibility for them; but without this nothing can be done; and, of course, the allowance which you might be able to give her would determine to some extent what I should give him."

"What I might be able to give my daughter?" said Mrs. Eastwood, in surprise; "but I have nothing to do it. I give her nothing—she comes into it by her grandfather's will."

"The five thousand pounds—yes, yes, I understand all about that," said Mr. Molyneux, with a mixture of disgust and weariness. But he tried to keep his temper. He explained the duty of parents in such an emergency with great fullness. If a sacrifice had to be made, it must, he pointed out, be a mutual sacrifice. The question was not of five thousand pounds, or five thousand pence, but how to "make up an income" for the young people.

But Mrs. Eastwood, who, as the reader is aware, had enough, but not too much, listened with a dismay which she could scarcely disguise. She, who had been obliged to put down her carriage in order to free her son, was not in a position to give large allowances to either son or daughter. She made the best effort she could to maintain her ground.

"I should have thought that your son, in your profession, in which you are so eminent—" she began, with an attempt to propitiate her amiable adversary, who had changed the question so entirely from what appeared to her its natural aspect.

"In my profession, ma'am, a man stands on his own merits, not on his father's," Mr. Molyneux answered, interrupting her with brusque decision.

What was poor Mrs. Eastwood to do? She could not give to Nelly without being unjust to her other children, and yet how was she to have the heart to crush Nelly's happiness by refusing? While he talked, the good mother fought it out in her own bosom. She gave her consent that he should see her solicitor and talk over the matter, with a sort of despairing acquiescence and that desperate trust in Providence which springs up in an oppressed soul when driven to its last resources. Something might "come in the way." Nothing could be resolved upon at once; neither to-day nor to-morrow could call for immediate action, and something might come in the way.

Mr. Molyneux saw Nelly before he went away, and was kind and fatherly, kissing her on the forehead, an act which Mrs. Eastwood half resented, as somehow interfering with her absolute property in her child. And this trial of her patience was all the more hard that she had to put the best face upon it before Nelly, and to say that Mr. Molyneux and she did not quite agree on some points, but that everything would come right by-and-by. Nelly had always been her mother's confidant, knowing everything, and trusting her ready youthful opinion and daring undoubting advice into whatever was going on, and to shut her out now from all participation in this crowning care was unspeakably hard.

Other disagreeables, too, mingled in the matter. Everything connected with the subject turned somehow into pain. Since the time when the carriage was put down, no such incident had occurred in the family, and Frederick's debts, which were a kind of natural gift in their way (for, has not every man debts), were not half so overwhelming as this, nor did they bring half so many troubles in their train.

When the love of lovers comes into a house which has hitherto been kept warm and bright by the loves of parent and children, brother and sister, the first thing it does in most cases is to make a rent and division. It calls out the sense of self and personal identity, and breaks the soft silken bonds of nature, and turns the hands a little while ago so closely linked almost against each other. Nelly thought her mother was hard to her Ernest, and Ernest thought his future mother-in-law was already developing the true mother-in-law character.

"Dear mamma, why should you turn against Ernest? You used to like him well enough. Is it because I am fond of him that you turn against him?" Thus Nelly would moan, rending her mother's heart.

All this introduced the strangest new commotion

into the peaceful household, and the reader will not wonder that poor Mrs. Eastwood, thus held on the rack, was a little impatient of other annoyances. On the very evening of the day on which she had the interview with Mr. Molyneux above recorded, when she was going through the hall on her way up-stairs, another vexing and suggestive incident disturbed her.

The hall was square, with one little deep window on one side of the door, the recess of which was filled with a window-seat. Here some one was seated, half visible in the darkness, with a head pressed against the window, gazing out. Nothing could be more unlike the large windows of the Palazzo Scaramucci, but the attitude and act were the same.

Mrs. Eastwood stopped, half alarmed, and watched the motionless figure. Then she went forward with a wondering uneasiness.

"Is it you, Innocent?" she said.

"Yes."

"What are you doing here? It is too cold to stand about in the hall, and, besides, it is not a proper place for you. Go into the drawing-room, dear, or come up-stairs with me. What are you doing here?"

"I am waiting," said Innocent.

"For what, for whom?" said the mother, alarmed.

"For Frederick," said the girl, with a long drawing out of breath, which was almost a sigh.

(To be continued.)

## A FASHIONABLE WEDDING ON FIFTH AVENUE.

MARRIAGE has generally been deemed the most important event of a young lady's life. In all Christian communities it is considered the most solemn of contracts; and, excepting in Protestant countries, is regarded as a sacrament. Indeed, the English, ever since the establishment of the Reformed Church, have not only celebrated matrimony as a religious ceremony, but, until lately, placed almost exclusively under the cognizance of the ecclesiastical courts. In the United States, marriage is, by law, simply a civil contract; magistrates, equally with clergymen, have a right to solemnize it. But people adhere to the "good old custom" of having clerical aid in tying the nuptial knot. In many of the States there is a wise provision that renders a marriage, performed by either magistrate or priest, valid, if it be consummated with a full belief on the part of both or either of the parties that they were legally married.

This is the prosaic view of conjugal felicity. It is the civil side of the question; not that we would hint at the possible existence of an uncivil side. That, we leave for people to find out themselves. The part of the happy affair, which must form the subject of this article, is more powerfully depicted in the large double-page drawing.

In writing, as in speaking, of weddings, one naturally mentions the names of the mortals newly launched upon a sea of bliss. For various reasons, we refrain from so doing in this instance. Suffice it to say, that all the preliminaries in such cases made and provided by the tyrannical laws of fashion, were duly attended to. Announcements of the important event were made in society journals, cards of the latest device issued, wedding favors distributed, and every member of *haut ton* was apprised of its time and place. Bridesmaids were chosen, and they, with the fair creature about to commit her future to the keeping of, to her, a partially unknown, prepared and arranged the trousseau which was enshrouded by mysterious laces, silks, satins, and other costly fabrics, the very names of which make the ruder sex tremble. Old friends, too, hastened to lay at her feet their tributes of jewels, precious stones, silver plate and materials useful in modern housekeeping. In this instance the gifts were valued at \$300,000.

The momentous day broke cheerfully, and the sunshine was bright enough to insure a lifelong happiness, if there be any truth in the adage, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on." The Avenue looked its best, and the vicinities of the bride's home, and church in which the ceremony was performed, were already crowded by those who are at every fashionable wedding, at least when the carriages bearing the bridal party start for or leave the sacred edifice. Let us glance at the building in which the scene of our drawing is laid.

On this occasion, as on others, the place looked its best. Evergreens festooned the pillars, and chaste decorations adorned the chancel, over which a brilliant light was shed by a star composed of gas-jets. The body of the church was comparatively in the shade, save where the mellow rays of the sun, piercing the variegated oriel and memorial windows, fell obliquely across pews occupied by gorgeously attired ladies and gentlemen in full dress. Half-way down the aisle a satin ribbon was stretched from side to side of the passages separating the upper seats, which were set apart for the bride's friends and relatives, from those intended for the invited guests. Long before the appointed hour the latter have taken their places, and glance hastily toward the main entrance as it opens for and closes upon new arrivals, who, being relatives, are ushered beyond the satin ribbon into their respective pews. At last these, too, are occupied, and the congregation grow more restive, and look at their watches uneasily. The time draws nigh; no more entries are made through the front door, and the most profound stillness denotes the assemblage's anticipation. The flutter of impatience just becomes perceptible, and there are indications of a desire to hold whispered conversations here and there, when the full tones of the great organ peal forth, and the doors of the centre aisle fold back, disclosing the bridal cortege just entering.

The procession moves slowly up to the chancel in the following order: Two ushers in full dress, with red roses in their buttonholes; four groomsmen and four bridesmaids, in couples, followed by the bride and her father, behind whom come her mother and the bridegroom. The last four are seen in our illustration. All eyes are fixed upon them, and murmurs of admiration and criticism are heard on every side. This is the supreme moment of the lady's life, and with downcast eyes she passes through it.

The altar reached, the clergymen appear, and in a few minutes the positions of the principal figures change: the father has given his daughter to her youthful lover, and her mother leans upon the father's arm, weeping. A little while after the young people leave the house of prayer, man and wife, and start upon their wedding-tour, which they have vowed shall last for life.

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed a letter to Chief Engineer King, of the United States Navy, thanking him for his "very able, efficient, and faithful administration of the Bureau of Steam Engineering" during the four years just past.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

SOME indiscreet supporters of the English State Church have recently manifested their disapprobation of the efforts making for disestablishment by attempts to violently break up public meetings held to agitate the question of a separation of Church and State. At a disestablishment meeting in Exeter a few weeks ago, some of the riotous friends of the existing system let off detonating balls, turned sparrows loose in the hall, howled and yelled like maniacs, and ascended to the balcony and drove out the ladies. So violent was the conflict between the disturbers and the promoters of the meeting, that, five or six fights taking place on the floor of the hall, the chairs were collected and piled into several heaps, so as to give the combatants a clear field for their warfare. The champions of the Established Church on this occasion are said to have been young lawyers, doctors, bankers' clerks, and others, together with notorious ruffians, who, acting in concert, succeeded in creating such confusion that not a single speech could be heard. In other places similar scenes have occurred.

MR. PLIMSOLL, the member from Derby, introduced on March 4th into the British Parliament his previously announced motion for a commission to inquire into certain practices connected with the commercial marine of the United Kingdom. After some discussion the motion was withdrawn, upon assurances from the President of the Board of Trade that the Government would institute a full and searching inquiry. The *London Morning Advertiser* thus remarks upon the subject: "In the brutal and sanguinary sports of the Amphitheatre, we know the value they attached to the lives of captives and professional gladiators. But we never heard that any people deliberately sacrificed the most valuable lives of the community with the cold-blooded and deliberate calculation which, it would seem, has sent hundreds and thousands of our gallant sailors to their doom in rotten and crazy ships, heavily insured to cover the loss and make money out of drowning men's lives. So heinous is the speculation suggested, that it is almost too fearful to contemplate, and yet the House of Commons seemed to believe last night that such things are."

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated at Wolverhampton, England, in a manner far too pronounced to be agreeable. The celebration consisted of a riot, in which some three thousand people took part, knives and firearms being used in reckless profusion. Wolverhampton is not a town about which hovers any particular odor of sanctity. Situated in the heart of the great Midland mining district, the principal occupations of its inhabitants are mining and manufacturing, the staple product being manufactured iron, and it is well known that English miners and ironworkers, as a class, are generally ready to engage in a fight of any kind at the shortest notice. This being the case, so favorable an opportunity for an interchange of courtesies, in the shape of hard knocks, as a general holiday, was not to be lightly thrown away; and the rougher portion of Wolverhampton's English and Irish population, under the auspices of the latter's patron saint, took the good the gods provided, and made the most of their opportunity. Fortunately, no one was killed, and the riot has been suppressed, so no great harm has been done; but this kind of thing should not be encouraged.

THE *Saturday Review* maintains that the desire for a Federal Republic is, in men of Spanish race, only one sign of that tendency to relapse into barbarism which they have displayed in so many ways in the New World. It is a symptom of that rudeness of political thought which prompts men to adore their own parish, and to hate people who live on the other side of a brook. Federal States inhabited by parochially-minded semi-barbarians are sure to quarrel among themselves, but Spaniards have a particular quarrel of their own, which will always make these rival little territories fight with the extremity of bitterness. They love and hate the national religion with the savage vehemence which the cause justifies to the eye of their untutored intellect. A Federal Republic in Spain would divide province against province, district against district, in a fierce and ceaseless fight of Clericals and Liberals. The experience of their own revolted colonies is so terribly instructive, the danger to property, and life, and domestic peace is so patent, the annoyance to France and Portugal would be so great, that it is scarcely possible that Spaniards will allow the fatal experiment of a Federal Republic to be tried.

## WHERE THE SALT IN SEA-WATER COMES FROM.

THE sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltiness. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution, as particles are liberated by violence or decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject, may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was formed. The salt mines of Portland and the vast horizontal bed of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in Santo Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land, remote from water.

There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rocks is regularly going on, but there is not water-power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence, the particles are spread abroad, and mixed up with soil. The negroes of Kallini, in Northern Africa, having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve it in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their nature. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them, salt is necessary, as with ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would be universal.

## SCIENTIFIC.

MM. BAJOT and ROCHE have submitted to the French Academy of Sciences for investigation their process for the manufacture of steel. They decarbonize cast iron by means of iron oxide in its native state.

CHLORAL-HYDRATE, as an excellent and certain remedy for colic in horses, has been highly recommended by the Agricultural Central Association in Potsdam. Half an ounce of it is given in a pint of castor-oil. This remedy, however, should be administered with caution.

Among new inventions is a "Patent Vermin Asphyxiator," for destroying animals in burrows, and for other purposes. The apparatus consists of a vessel capable of being perfectly closed, in which sheets of paper saturated with sulphur or other substances may be

burned, and the fumes forced out through a flexible tube by means of a fan, which delivers the noxious gases, with a pressure sufficient to drive them into the minutest crevices.

MR. RHIND found in the tomb of Seban, at Thebes, a place of sepulture which he had reason to believe had not been opened during 2,000 years, iron hasps and nails on the massive doors of the inner repositories, which were "as lustrous and as pliant as the day they left the forge."

For many years butter has been sent from Copenhagen to all parts of Europe in hermetically sealed tin cans. Although the business was commenced originally as an experiment, it has expanded to such a degree that, during the last two years, it has occupied several of the largest butter-dealers of Copenhagen. The object of packing the butter in this manner is to protect it against the action of air and heat, and this is so completely attained, that butter has been sent from Copenhagen to China and back again, without the slightest detriment to its edible qualities. The principal places of demand are China, Brazil, Java, Spain, and other countries, generally through London or Liverpool houses. The packages vary in size up to 28 pounds, although those of 4 pounds are generally preferred. The cans are lined inside with wood, saturated with salt pickle, and, when filled, are soldered up.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

THE French Government has prohibited the exportation of war materials into Spain.

THE German fleet has sailed from Havana, and it is thought will visit the port of New York.

ELECTIONS to fill vacancies in the National Assembly of France have been ordered for April 27th.

THE steamship *Guard*, laden with packages for the Vienna Exposition, has just sailed from this port.

ANOTHER Indian war is threatened. This time it is the Yakimas, of Oregon, who object to go on a reservation.

NOVA SCOTIA yielded in the ten years ending January 1st, 1871, about eight tons of gold, valued at \$3,640,356.

JAMES MCELHANEY, for wife-murder, was hung in Suffolk Jail, Mass., at almost the same hour that Foster suffered.

THE Province of New Brunswick spent \$20,594 in aid of immigration last year, and obtained 802 foreign settlers.

THE question of annexing a portion of Florida to Alabama is again actively interesting the citizens of these States.

RIGADA, the newly appointed Admiral of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, has entered upon the duties of his position.

A SPECIAL edict has been promulgated in Japan tolerating Christianity throughout the land, and opening the country to foreigners.

An amendment to the Porto Rico Slavery Abolition Bill, providing for gradual abolition, was rejected by the National Assembly of Spain.

THE *San Francisco Bulletin* says that the taxes in California—State, County and Municipal—range from 3 to 4 per cent. on the value of property.

THE Havana police have arrested Austin Byron Bidwell, his wife, and Harry Nun, on suspicion of connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

THE Erie Railway Depot at PAVONIA Ferry, Jersey City, was destroyed by fire lately, with all the buildings thereunto pertaining. Loss, \$278,000.

THE Irish Fenians in London held a meeting lately in favor of home rule in Ireland and amnesty to imprisoned Fenians. There was little or no disturbance.

THE total loss by the Boston fire, according to the latest estimates, was \$31,841,144. One-half of the whole was owned by 37 persons, trustees, or corporations.

THE conflict relative to jurisdiction between the Federal and Mormon courts in Salt Lake is still continued. The Liberals favor United States Judge Hawley's course.

THERE was a great riot at Wolverhampton, England, between Englishmen and Irishmen, during which much blood, but no life, was lost. Order has been restored.

INSPECTOR WEBB has left London with extradition papers for the return from New York of George Macdonald, who is charged with the Bank of England forgeries.

In the United States Senate lately, Mr. Sherman said the last Congress did nothing to promote the great interests of the country—except to pass the general appropriation bills.

FROM Portland, Or., comes the news of the loss of the United States mail steamer *George S. Wright*, while on her voyage from San Francisco to Sitka. It is feared that all on board are lost.

MR. LOWE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will present the annual budget about the 3d of April. It will show a revenue of \$380,000,000, and expenditures to the amount probably of \$355,000,000.

THE British Army and Navy Gazette states that a survey has been ordered of all the chain cables in the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons, in consequence of the late accident in Funchal Roads.

THE British Ministerial crisis has terminated. Mr. Gladstone will resume office, with all his colleagues—a very important movement for Mr. Gladstone, his political friends and the members of the Opposition.

In the House of Lords recently the Duke of Richmond defended the conduct of the leaders of the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Government, and was in harmony with Mr. Disraeli's explanation in the other House.

The treaty between France and Germany was recently ratified unanimously by the French Assembly. It provides for the payment of the war indemnity, and the entire evacuation of French territory by the Germans.

THE loss of the English steamship *Petersburg*, from Amoy to New York, is announced as having occurred near St. Georges, Bermuda. She had a cargo of tea worth over £500,000, a portion of which has been saved in a damaged condition.

THERE has been correspondence between France and Spain regarding the cruelties upon French officers perpetrated by the curat of Santa Cruz, a Carlist chief, in which Señor Castelar intimates that the Carlists have received uniforms, arms and support from France.

MR. HARDY has moved, in the English House of Commons, an address to the Crown, asking that the Government be instructed to dissent from the three international rules adopted by the Geneva Court of Arbitration. The Government promised attention to the subject, and the motion was withdrawn.

THE Shah of Persia is expected at St. Petersburg on the 7th or 8th of May. He will start from Enseli toward the end of April, on board the Russian war steamer *Nasser-Ed-Din Shah*, cross the Caspian to Astrakhan, ascend the Volga by Zaritzyn and Saratoff, and proceed from Moscow by rail. The Shah will be accompanied by about 43 personages of blood and rank, and some 50 servants.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE FEAST OF PURIM—RECEPTION AT THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM JEWS, AT NO. 328 WEST 32D STREET.

## PURIM—RECEPTION AT THE HEBREW HOME.

THE Feast of Purim, recently celebrated by our Jewish fellow-citizens, commemorates notable events recorded in the Book of Esther. Among its many pleasant features was the subject of our illustration—the reception given by the Directors of the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, at No. 328 West Thirty-second Street, on Sunday, March 16th.

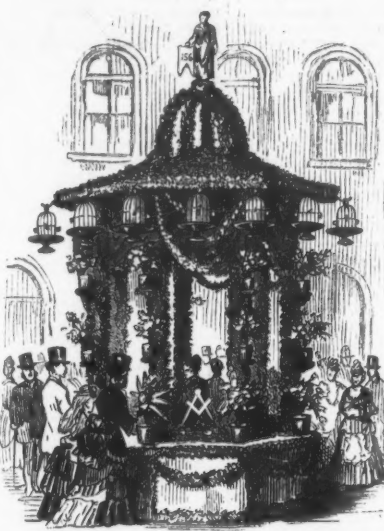
There are about twenty-four elderly ladies now inmates of this institution, where they enjoy all the comforts benevolence and ample pecuniary aid can afford them. These beneficiaries, or as many as were able to take part in the festivities, were present at the reception, in the parlors—a number of ladies and gentlemen being assembled therein.

The reception lasted from 10 o'clock A.M. to 4 P.M., during which time \$1,500 were subscribed for the benefit of the Home, by its patrons.

It will be remembered that one of the most interesting features of the Hebrew Fair, held in 1870, was the "Golden Book," in which were inscribed the contributions offered to the Orphan Asylum and Hospital. This was under the charge of Mr. Lazarus Morgenthau, and, at the close of the Fair, showed a donation-list amounting to \$10,000. Mr. Morgenthau presented the managers of the Home, for use at the Purim, and future receptions, a "Silver Book" for the same purpose. The first page contains a beautifully arranged memorial to the late Mrs. Hannah Leo, the founder of the Home, who died in September last. Nearly \$10,000 have been subscribed thus far on its pages.

The ladies in charge of the Home are: Mrs. Judge Joachimsen, President; Mrs. H. B. Hertz, Vice-President; Mrs. I. Jacobs, Mrs. C. Schlesinger, Mrs. S. Wolff, Mrs. H. Morrison, Mrs. L. J. Phillips, Mrs. L. Bamberger, Mrs. Zion Bernstein, and others well known in Hebrew circles.

Judge Joachimsen, and Morris B. Goodheart, President of the Grand Lodge of the Order Bnai Brith, were among the visitors. The control of this excellent institution is vested in ladies of great experience, and they are ably seconded by many of the most prominent and wealthy gentlemen in the city.



THE OCEAN LODGE FLORAL TEMPLE.

## THE MASONIC FAIR.

AT Apollo Hall, on March 15th, the Fair in aid of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund was formally opened. It was a success in every respect, and crowds have attended it daily. The ballroom, in which the tables and booths were located, scarcely afforded accommodation for an advantageous display of the gorgeous wares offered for sale by the beautiful young lady attendants.

On that Saturday evening the place was filled by good-humored patrons. It was almost impossible to make a tour of the room. Tables, stalls, bazaars and booths were in such proximity that the promenaders jostled and pushed each other good-naturedly in their efforts to pause and examine the curiosities or chat with the fair venders.

The most imposing feature, and the subject of one of our illustrations, is the Temple of Flora, which stands at the south end of the Hall. It is composed of cedars, choice flowers, plants and evergreen festoons, surmounted by a snowy white statue of the goddess. Pendent from the arches and cross-pieces are fifty bronzed cages, holding canaries that sing merrily. This Temple is the contribution of Ocean Lodge, No. 156, whose interests are studied with pleasing courtesy by the Misses Brannies, Buttrick and Reed.

At the rear of Flora's Temple are the stalls of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, and Puritan Lodge, No. 339, with the Post-Office between. The former is decorated with white and green; the latter, with white and blue, relieved by a large engraving of the "Pilgrims' Landing." On the right is Atlantic, No. 197—soap and perfumery stand—bearing, "Godliness and Cleanliness closely go together. Acts of Charity promote the one; Soap secures the other." Just ahead is Eureka, No. 243, which is superintended by Mrs. Dilks. Here were an elegant chair with silk back and seat, sumptuously embroidered, valued at \$200, and a charming case of wax flowers. Mrs. Dilks also exhibits the testimonial awarded her by the Executive Committee of the last Fair, for collecting the sum of \$1,000 toward the Asylum Fund.

Amity, No. 323, contributes a marvelous collection of fancy-work in colors, besides an endless variety of odds and ends suitable for the boudoir.

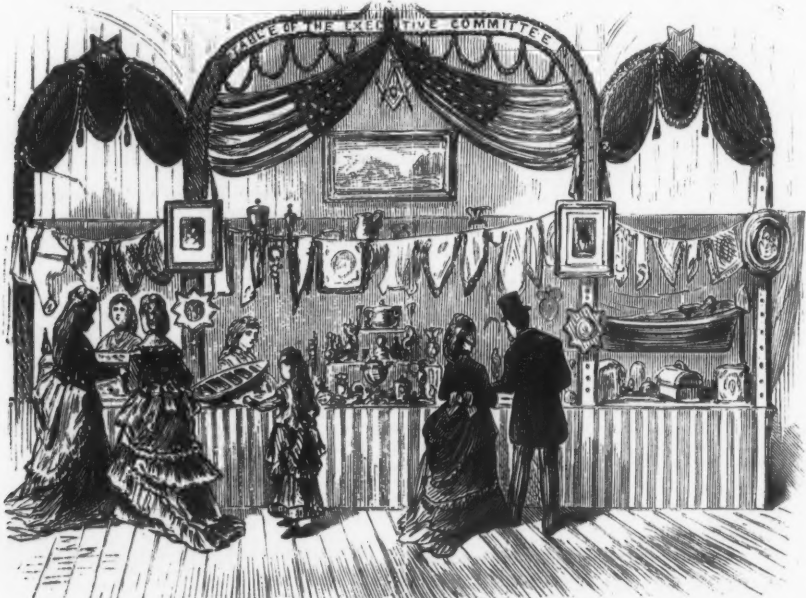


TABLE OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



TABLE OF HOWARD LODGE.

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AT THE MASONIC FAIR IN APOLLO HALL.





DEATH TO THE HYDRA OF NEW YORK.

GOVERNOR. DIX—"I deem it due to the good order of society to say that, so far as depends on me, the supremacy of the law will be inflexibly maintained, and that every man who strikes a murderous blow at the life of his fellow must be made to feel that his own is in certain peril."



and a bewitchingly beautiful widow's family. On the opposite side-aisle is the table of Evangelist, No. 600, with a miniature gallery of choice paintings and several specimens of needlework. Near the wall are the flowers, confectionery and soda-water stands, representing Aurora Chapter, No. 32. York, No. 197, facing the Temple, has, among other noticeable attractions, a neatly executed Past Master's jewel with a diamond setting, to be disposed of by a general vote. On the other side, Concord, No. 50, has an egg-tree, containing numbers of prizes, the chief being a diamond ring, worth \$250. There is also a doll's wedding, the figures of which are about four feet in height.

Passing from this to the opposite end of the hall, we come to the large table of the Executive Committee, over which Mrs. Thorne, wife of the Deputy Grand Master, presides. This also we have illustrated. It deserves to be considered, with the table credited to Prince of Orange, No. 16, decorated in blue and yellow, as both were prepared by the ladies of the same lodge. There is a large quilt of Japanese silk, elaborately embroidered by hand, valued, with its case, at \$800. Near by are a complete service of plate, representing \$200, a Turkish armchair, worth \$50, and two large fire and burglar-proof safes. A chair of heavy silk and ebony, embellished with gold, to be raffled for, and presented by the winner to the Grand Master, as also a heavy cushion, exhibit the delicate embroidery of Mrs. Thorne. Almost every specimen of female handicraft is exhibited upon the two tables.

Putnam, No. 338, in white and pink, has a large collection of small articles, such as book-marks, children's toys, toilet accompaniments and plans of worsted-work.

Copestone, No. 641, and Perseverance, No. 652, have assortments of ladies' wearing materials, and the latter offers a choice selection of ladies' and gentlemen's jewelry.

Zerubbabel, No. 329, just above Prince of Orange, is devoted to artistic bronzes, lava-pieces, vases and glassware highly finished. Columbia, No. 484, affords a chance to those who love choice confectionery.

A liberal display of Chinese goods is made by Antiquity, No. 11, together with a complete line of ladies' neckwear.

New York, No. 330, exhibits silverware, wax-work, and an elegant presentation sword. Children will be pleased with an inspection of the table of Knickerbocker, No. 642, which is devoted almost exclusively to toys and small articles.

Scotia, No. 634, offers fancy goods in great variety. Greenwich, No. 467, in red, white and blue colors, presents a \$200 set of genuine sealskin, and some noticeable silverware, to be raffled for. There are also many pieces of children's apparel. Silencia, No. 198, near the Executive Committee's table, is a great prize-stand, where one can find anything, from a toothpick to a pair of ten-buttoned kid gloves.

Mount Hebron, No. 257, possesses the "Book of Life," wherein are recorded for preservation the subscriptions of friends of the craft toward the Asylum fund. In two glass cases are Bibles, albums, watches, silver-cups, napkin-rings, card-baskets, etc., to be distributed as prizes.

Gerard, No. 631, displays fine chromos, handkerchief and cigar-boxes, and other small wares.

Metropolitan, No. 273, is another stall on which fancy articles suited to ladies, children and bachelors, together with silverware and a diamond ring, are to be seen.

Templar, No. 203, protects an interesting group of afflicted orphans, and exhibits perfumery, book-marks, etc.

Alpha Chapter, 1, appeals to the heart and purse of the visitor, and then solicits the purchase of some choice fancy goods.

In an adjoining hall are several tastefully arranged tables that should not be overlooked.

Howard, No. 35, is the table of Grand Secretary Morrison. The decorations are composed of fine lace backed with pink muslin. A little behind the counter stands a clock, four feet high, surmounted by the crowing rooster, a mechanical contrivance of much ingenuity. There are also packages of confectionery and small pieces of bronze.

Mount Moriah, adjoining, displays an interesting collection of antique goods—Chinese, Japanese and Swiss—besides a pair of beautiful pedestals.

Mystic Tie Lodge exhibits the most fashionably attired doll-bride in the fair, and Adelphe, No. 345, an assortment of miscellaneous articles.

In addition to the foregoing wonders, there is a theatre up-stairs, where young folks are regaled with tableaux and the rollicking Punch and Judy.

Besides all these, the visitor stumbles over a little girl, with a small basket in one hand and a "subscription-book" in the other, at almost every turn. Groups of widows and orphan children ask, through placards, for assistance. A band of music in the gallery urges rapid transit. Delicious eyes and bewitching smiles coax the dollars out of a man's pocket, and please everybody, so that the Fair has already sprung into the full tide of popularity.



P. T. BARNUM TO THE PUBLIC.

#### LADIES, GENTLEMEN, FAMILIES, CHILDREN, FRIENDS:

My career for forty years as a public Manager of amusements, blended with instruction, is well known. You have all heard of my three New York Museums; my great triumphal tour with Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, and my immense traveling exhibitions. Everybody concedes that I give ten times the money's worth, and always delight my patrons. I now come before you with the LAST GRAND CROWNING TRIUMPH OF MY MANAGERIAL LIFE. Notwithstanding the burning of my last Museum, in December (which, however, did not destroy any of my great traveling chariots, vans, cages or horses, nor duplicates of most of my living wild animals, which were then on exhibition in New Or-

leans), I have been enabled, through the aid of cable dispatches, electricity and steam, and the expenditure of nearly a million of dollars, to place upon the road by far the largest and most interesting combination of MUSEUM, MENAGERIE and HIPPODROME ever known before—a veritable WORLD'S FAIR.

No description will convey an adequate idea of its vastness, its beauty, and its marvelous collection of wonders. It travels by rail, and requires more than one hundred cars, besides FIFTY OF MY OWN, made expressly for this purpose, and five or six locomotives to transport it. My daily expenses exceed \$5,000. We can only stop in large towns, and leave it to those residing elsewhere to reach us by cheap excursion trains, which they can easily get up.

Among some of my novelties is a FREE FULL MENAGERIE OF WILD ANIMALS, including all, and more, than are usually seen in a traveling menagerie, which I now open to be seen by everybody, WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER. The expense of these animals and of transporting these FREE Tents through the country, all of which I exhibit absolutely FOR NOTHING, costs me as much as an ordinary menagerie for which other managers charge 50 cents admission. Although I have consolidated more than twenty shows in one, containing nearly one hundred gorgeously magnificent gold and enameled cages, dens and vans, requiring the services of nearly 1,000 men and over 500 horses, the price of admission to the entire combination of exhibitions is only the same as is charged to a common show, viz.: 50 cents; children half price. My great Hippodrome Tent comfortably seats 14,000 persons at one time, while my numerous other tents cover several acres of ground.

The Museum Department contains 100,000 curiosities, including Professor Faber's wonderful TALKING MACHINE, costing me \$20,000 for its use six months. Also, a National Portrait Gallery of 100 life-size Oil Paintings, including all the Presidents of the United States, our Statesmen and Military Heroes, as well foreign Potentates and Celebrities, and the entire Collection of the celebrated John Rogers' groups of Historical and Classic Statuary. Also, an almost endless variety of Curiosities, including numberless Automaton Musicians and Mechanicians, and Moving Scenes, Transformation Landscapes, Sailing Ships, Running Water-mills, Railroad Trains, etc., made in Paris and Geneva, more beautiful and marvelous than can be imagined, and all kept in motion by a Steam Engine. Here, also, are Giants, Dwarfs, Fiji Cannibals, Modoc and Digger Indians, Circassian Girls, the No-armed Boy, etc.

Among the rare wild animals are MONSTER SEA LIONS, transported in great water-tanks; the largest RHINOCEROS ever captured alive, and 1,500 Wild Beasts and Rare Birds, Lions, Elephants, Elands, Gnus, Tigers, Polar Bears, Ostriches, and every description of wild animals hitherto exhibited, besides many never before seen in this Continent.

In the Hippodrome Department are THREE DISTINCT RINGS, wherein three sets of rival performances are taking place at the same time, in full view of all the audience. Here will be seen Performing Elephants, Horse-riding Goats, Educated Horses, Elk and Deer in Harness, Ponies, Trick Mules and Bears, and three distinct Equestrian Companies (with six clowns), including by far the best Male and Female Bare-back Riders in the World, with numerous Athletes and Gymnasts who have no equal. Everything is perfectly chaste and unobjectionable. Its like will never be known.

THE GREAT STREET-PROCESSION, three miles long, takes place every morning at 8 1/2 o'clock. It is worth going 100 miles to see. It consists of trains of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, Zebras, and Elks in harness; nearly 100 Gold, Enameled, and Cerulean Chariots, Vans, Dens and Cages; Arabian Horses, Trick Ponies, three Bands of Music, and a most marvelous display of Gymnastic, Automatic, and Musical performances in the public streets.

THREE FULL EXHIBITIONS will be given each day at 10, 1, and 7 o'clock. No one should miss the early Procession.

The Public's Obedient Servant,

P. T. Barnum

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If you have taper fingers, mind you don't burn them.

To become a lion of a party, it is not necessary to make a beast of one's self.

To those interested.—For Mrs. Partington's last: Inquire of her shoemaker.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—They say crocodiles do not really weep; we know a sailor, though, who has seen whale's blubber.

EDUCATION WANTED.—A lady who was not a Shakespearean scholar, hearing the "Merry Wives of Windsor" highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

RATHER MIXED UP.—"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax; what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder! Why, they might as well tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

At a place in China, appropriately named Loo Chew, the indignant populace recently lynched an evil-doer, by tying him to a post and biting him to death, which is perhaps the Mongolian idea of trial by chewy.

THE difficulty of perfect translation is again made manifest by a Frenchman, who, in rendering a passage from Cooper, made it read, "He descended from his horse, and tied him to a large grasshopper," when the original reads "a large locust" (tree).

A NEW SOCIETY.—An American paper says a society has been formed in New York—not before it is wanted—called the "Ladies' Anti-ambitious-to-figure-in-the-newspapers-with-no-useful-result-and-to-the-neglect-of-their-own-domestic-duties Society."

IGNORANT INTERFERENCE.—A story is told about a man who put the saddle hind-part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted reffixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone! How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman passed on.

A SEWING MACHINE is an absolute necessity in every family. In making a selection, do not fail to examine the Wilson Underfeed at their magnificent rooms. This machine is meeting with unprecedented success, being sold at a less price than any other first-class machine, and at the same time combining, to a greater degree, all the essentials of a family machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

#### THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

##### ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

At the triennial meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, held in this city, the following directors were chosen for three years: George W. Cass, William B. Ogden, R. D. Rice, William G. Moorhead, J. Gregory Smith, Frederick Billings, Charles B. Wright, William G. Fargo, B. P. Cheney, A. H. Barney, William Windom, James Sinton and A. L. Catlin.

The Directors elected the following officers: George W. Cass, President. C. B. Wright, Vice-president. R. D. Rice, Resident Vice-President on the Pacific Coast. A. L. Prichard, Treasurer. Samuel Wilkerson, Secretary.

It is only those firms who have REAL bargains to offer who are now doing the business. I have the following stock at an immense reduction, and, as the readers of this paper are aware, I carry nothing but the very finest kind of goods. A little money will go further now than it ever has before in this line. Ladies' Jewelry, \$125 sets, \$62.50; \$50 sets, \$25; \$25 pairs of earrings, \$12.50. Pearl and Diamond Engagement Rings, of my own manufacture, and in original designs (read the article on engagement rings in my new Spring Circular, now ready, and free to all.) Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-Case Watches, in every variety of casing. Opera and Royal Opera Solid Gold Chains. The Gorham Solid Silverware. Any goods C. O. D., privilege to examine before paying. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York. "Worthy of the fullest confidence."—Christian Advocate. "Whose goods are just what he represents them."—Christian Union.

HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled Spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it.

Mrs. Eva Devos, dressmaker, of Cohoes, N. Y., has been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine seven years' without paying a cent for repairs. She had several years experience with other machines, and is satisfied that the Grover & Baker is the best for her business.

"MARRIED IN MASK," a new story by Mansfield Tracy Walworth, author of "Beverly," "Delaplaine," "Hotspur," etc., has just been commenced in the New York Weekly.

THE Fancy Costumes of M. Dessart, of 276 Bowery, are becoming noted for their beauty and elegance.

WANTED.—Complete files of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from Vol. 11, 1860-61, to Vol. 19, inclusive. Unbound copies preferred. Address, stating price, E. G. S., care this office.

SOMETHING NEW.—A copartnership to be known under the style of Croncy & Tuttle has been established at No. 35 Union Square, for the purpose of carrying on the importation of gentlemen's furnishing goods. The elegant store, on the west side of the Square, is a miniature world of fashion, particularly in the lines of shirts and articles of neck-wear, the firm enjoying unusual facilities for obtaining at the earliest moment the choicest fashions decided upon in London and Paris. As each steamship brings a fresh assortment, the advantage of consulting Messrs. Croncy & Tuttle before purchasing elsewhere is apparent.

\$100,000.—Royal Havana Lottery. Prizes cashed; information furnished. Circulars free. JOSEPH BATES, Broker, 196 Broadway, Room 4, N. Y. 911-23

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

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For their Children.

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All of the latest and most desirable shapes.

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Gros-Grain Sash Ribbons, Watered Sash Ribbons, Black and Fancy Plaid Sash Ribbons.

20 cartons 8-in. Watered Sash Ribbons, \$1.35; worth \$2.50.

50 cartons of 7-inch Black Plaid, 65c. per yard.

50 cartons 7-in. Plain Sash Ribbons, 95c., warranted all silk.

All the new SPRING SHADES in BONNET RIBBONS.

#### French Flowers

Roses, Rose Vines, Montices, Garlands.

40 cases of NEW FLOWERS, all Parisian Novelties.

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Black Thread, Cuipeure, Valenciennes, Spanish

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Made-up Lace Goods. Children's Lace Capes,

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1,000 doz. 4 1/2-inch Windsor Ties, 46c.

Crepe de Chine Ties. Fancy Ties.

Ladies, go to O'Neill's for Millinery Goods.

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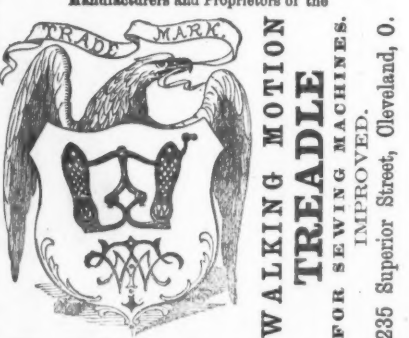
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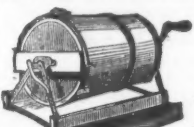
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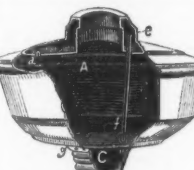
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